

AMERICA'S MAG FOR THE MACHO MALE

DRUMMER

395

HOUSEBOY

RAPE

AS PUNISHMENT

FICTION:

ECSTASY & STRENGTH

BOOT SLAVE

WET DREAMS

S&M GYM

DRUMMER

DADDIES

DRUMBEATS

PERSONAL CLASSIFIEDS

LIKE NOWHERE ELSE!

ISSUE 77

BEFORE "BORN TO RAISE HELL"



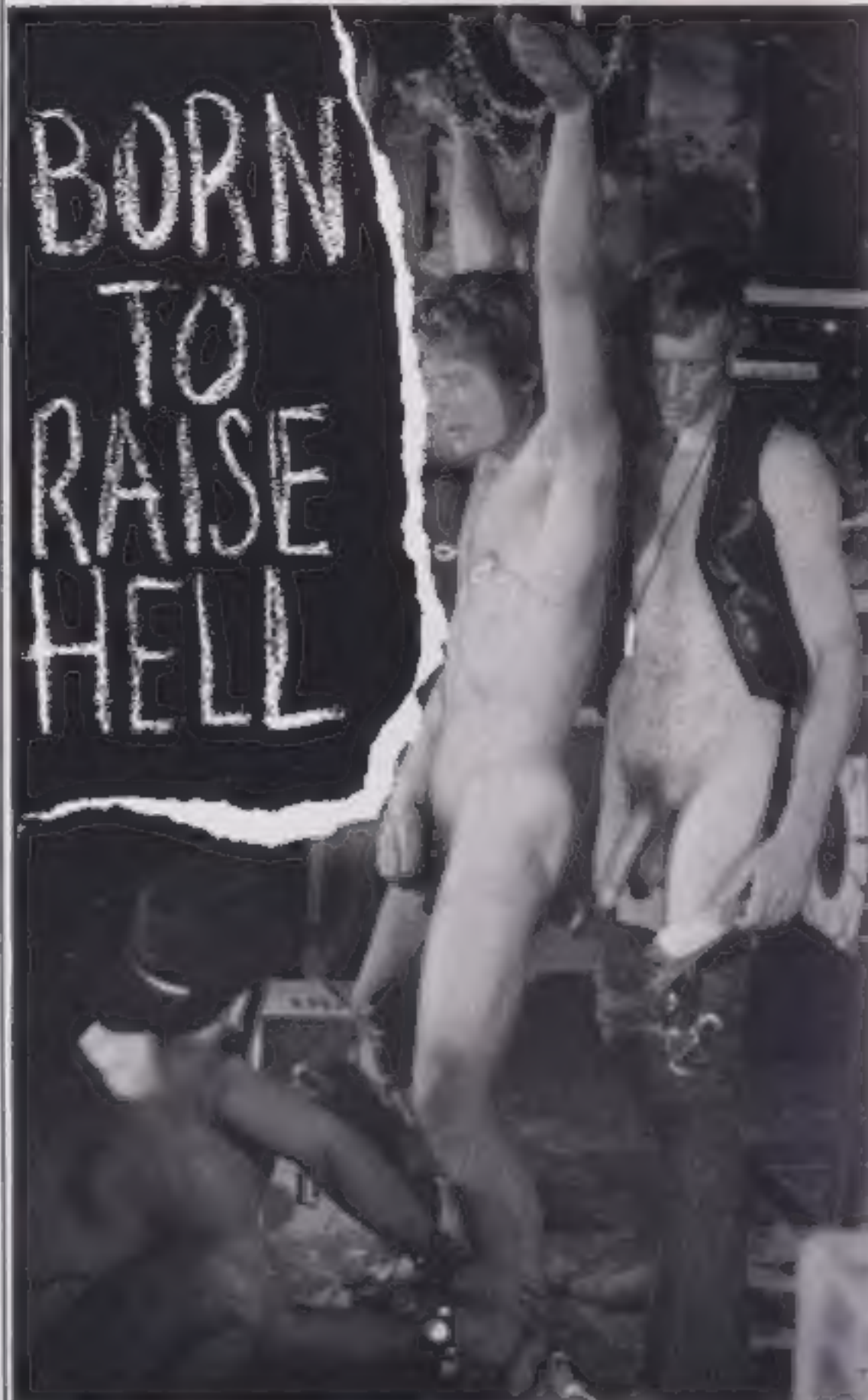
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VHS/BETA **39⁹⁵**

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Robert Payne DRUMMER

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"If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music which he hears, however measured or far away."

Henry David Thoreau



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Cover: Brutus, Master of the Compound. Drummerfoto.

Opposite page: Heavy bondage, Zeus-style. Photo by Mikal Bales.

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GETTING OFF

ALL THE SAD YOUNG MEN

One of the surest ways of keeping you from reading this column, even if you are so inclined, is to mention AIDS. There has been a mountain of information and misinformation on this terrible plague. The newspapers have exploited it, but not nearly so maliciously as have Jerry Falwell and his ilk. Their feeding off the ignorance and fear surrounding the dreaded ailment borders on criminal.

To its credit, the gay community has gathered round and held fund raisers big and small with varying success, to speed research on the cause and cure. This, I firmly believe, is government's job, and if the administration had any kind of soul it would have gotten on it a long time ago. Right now it should drop the obscene costs of an obsolete tank or two and really get to work. It can't be too long before this plague spreads to the general population. Right now we are sure that it is far more prevalent in the armed forces than the Pentagon would have us believe.

But go ahead with your fund raisers. However, be sure where the money is going and what it is to be used for. There are groups who do beautiful, unselfish service to the guys who already have been diagnosed with AIDS. They provide them with many things their government doesn't, and in many cases, can't. Let them know somehow you care, that you are with them, that they are not alone.

The expression, "There but for the grace of God, go I" could never be more true. It isn't you, thank God. So what are you doing for those brothers who are not so fortunate? Avoid them, disassociate yourself from them?

Many are desperately ill, many are dying. Unless they live in a more enlightened area, they are treated like pariahs even by medical personnel who sure as hell should know better. My dentist told me of treating a patient (not his) who had been turned down by a half dozen other dentists because the guy had been diagnosed as having AIDS. Sounds like the dark ages.

We have probably all been exposed at one time or another. Guard your health with the best you've got. And do something personally for someone who needs your comfort and your love.

John H. Embry

PUBLISHER	JOHN H. EMBRY
CO-PUBLISHER	MARIO SIMONE
ASSOCIATE PUBLISHER	JOHN W. ROWBERRY
EDITOR	ROBERT PAYNE
ASSOCIATE EDITOR/FICTION	STEVEN SAYLOR
ART DIRECTOR	LAUREN STEINHART
ASSOCIATE ART DIRECTOR	PAT UROUHART
TECHNICAL PRODUCTION	JOSE DUMAS
TYPESETTING	FRANK CLARK
ACCOUNTING	DENIS GEOFFREY
READER SERVICES	TRACEY MORGAN
SHIPPING	JERRY GUTIERREZ
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ADVERTISING DIRECTOR: ROD VICTOR
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MALECALL/Dear Sir:

HANKY CODE REVISITED

Could you guys refresh my memory (and settle a few arguments) regarding the hanky code? I've lost the list you published somewhere back there, and all the sources I look to have conflicting things to say or seem to leave some things out. I figure if anybody can give me the official word, it would be you guys at *Drummer*.

Orange Hanky/Left
Oakland, CA

(Editor's note: Yes, it's been quite a while since we published a handkerchief code, and since we've had a number of requests lately, here goes. The hanky code, like traffic laws, does seem to vary from place to place and from authority to authority. Some say that left means active and right means passive, so that light blue on the left would mean "wants to suck cock." But it makes more sense to us that left means top and right means bottom—i.e., light blue on the left would mean "wants to get sucked." So, we're listing the code simply by color and activity—and if you're not sure which roles constitute top and bottom, you just haven't been reading *Drummer* long enough!

Red	Fistfucking
Maroon	Doublefisting
Navy Blue	Fucking
Light Blue	Cocksucking
Orange	Anything Goes
Yellow	Water Sports
Brown	Scat
White	Masturbation
Grey	Light SM
Black	Heavy SM
Striped	Shaving

Then there are the colors signifying interest in a type rather than an activity. Left means you're it, right means you're looking for it:

Olive Drab	Military
Mustard	8 Inches-Plus
Green	Hustlers

As far as we're concerned, that's the official hanky code. Of course, gay men being the creative sexual beings that they are, any code is subject to constant revising and rearranging. No doubt there are a few colors still untaken, and someone will be thinking up a use for them.)

SAILOR ADRIFT

Steaming up and down along the Lebanese coast with a bunch of Marines and Sailors with no port visits for two months at a time can get pretty hairy. I've had a copy of your January 1984 issue (*Drummer* 70) with the D.I. on the cover all these months, and now have the courage

8 DRUMMER



SLAVESHAVING: Scott lost it all in *Drummer* 75. Readers wanted more. Photo: *Drummer*foto.

to order his training tape. His is a voice I need to hear right about now. The Navy handles my mail so I need to be sure that this tape is properly packaged (I mean securely packaged) so they won't feel the need to be nosy and open it before I get my hands on it.

I've also added \$10 to the check for a favor I hope you can do for me. There's no place in Haifa, Israel (where we moor once in a while) to buy poppers, and I

would really like you to send me a good bottle of poppers with the tape so I can better appreciate what my D.I. has to say. I know you catch my drift. The sooner you send me this tape, the better. The Marines I know speak rough enough, but they're not saying what I need to hear. So I'm on the open sea and waiting for some proper instruction.

Name Withheld
USS Nassau

DELAYED REACTION

My hot crotch-felt thanks for *Drummer 71*! Though I don't subscribe to *Drummer* at present, I occasionally catch up on my reading in a friend's library. It was during these researches that I came across Zeus model Rocco de Vega in "Bound and Gagged." Both Rocco's natural resources and the imaginative variations on a B/D theme never fail to get me excited. Let's have more vulnerable hunks with their cocks and balls in nasty bondage and ingeniously restrained, with perhaps more erotic copy and description!

Also, *Drummer 71*'s book selection, "Beauty's Punishment," has to have been one of the hottest I've ever fantasized through. Never before have I found a piece of fiction so much to my taste—A delirious fantasy of pony-boys securely leather-bound, tender butts plugged with "horse-tailed phalluses" literally put through their paces with (best of all) continual disciplinary and ritualized whippings and spankings! In future I hope you'll have more ficton focusing on B/D. I'm sure it would be a turn-on for a large segment of your readership. Finally, please tell me how I can get the book.

J.E.W.

Mt. Tom, MA

Editor's note: Beauty's Punishment, the complete novel by A.N. Roquelaure, is now available as a trade paperback from E.P. Dutton, a major mainstream publishing house that should be applauded for taking a chance with such graphically erotic material.)

OVER MY HEAD

Drummer has been a treat both in photography and stories, but "Urban Aborigines" by Geoffrey Mains in *Drummer 75* seems too philosophical and deep for me. Rather than be instructive in any way, the author seems bent on writing so far above my head that for the first time I gave up on an article.

Your shaving sequence in *Drummer 75* shows you're getting braver each year in publishing all of life and bodies. And let's caution your readers about possible hazards from AIDS, which continues to threaten all gays.

Les

Missouri

CUTTING EDGE

I have just finished reading reading *Drummer 75*, in which appears a story by David May called "Cutting Threads." Generally, a story to me is either good or bad, but I have never been so taken by a particular style before that I was compelled to seek out further work by a particular author.

I am doing so now. Would you let me know any books he has in print and where they are available?

Although every letter I read in



SHAVED AGAIN: Readers got more of Scott scraped smooth in our preview look at the "For Sale" video in *Drummer 76*. This time, the strokes were captured for posterity.

Drummer says the same thing, I'll add mine. *Drummer* is the best mag of its type I've found. All the rest seem preoccupied with skinny young hairless pimple-laden kids. To each his own, but I much prefer the older, masculine models and stories of *Drummer*. Thank you.

Shilo Herrling

Redwood City, CA

(Editor's note: We knew that "Cutting Threads" would be a winner even before reaching that final climactic page. It also happens to be David May's first published work of fiction. We hope he'll be giving us more fine stories in the future, spurred on by your enthusiasm, and ours.)

TWO BITS' WORTH

My compliments on your pictorial entitled "Slaveshaving" which appeared in *Drummer 75*. I found the entire article to be quite stimulating in both its picture content as well as the verbal description (by Robert Payne) of Mr. O'Hara's shaving ordeal.

If Mr. O'Hara would be interested in recreating this scenario plus a little additional cock and ball torture, please have him reply to the enclosed address.

S.B.

Fort Worth, TX

A GOOD INFLUENCE

My son Mar and I enjoy reading your magazine every chance we get. I usually purchase them from either The Crypt or F Street and must soon order some of the issues (we don't have) from your "Baker's Dozen."

I want to take this time to tell you what a wonderful influence your magazine has had on Mar. He recently started smoking and was really turned on by your Cigar Studs issue (*Drummer 74*) and

asked me to ask you if you might consider a complete smoker's issue with studs doing joints, pipes, cigarettes and cigars? He and his buddies like to hang out, get loaded and smoke and drink in the afternoons. Naturally, they get involved with other activities soon after he breaks out his box of toys which I always maintain for him equipped with poppers and certain reading material.

We are also interested in piercing and tattooing as well as all the other subjects you deal with. Thank you for being there!

Larry

San Diego, CA

OLYMPIC ABUSE

You were right in *Drummer 71*, for "The Joys of Self-Abuse" was a pleasure and inspiration. There was really no abuse in it, it was all fun. Can you tell me what is the official U.S. Olympic Jack-Off Cream? I would like to buy some.

Keep up the good work.

H.H.

Orlando, FL

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS: Aaron Travis, Larry Townsend
PHOTOGRAPHERS: Mark I. Chester, Close-Up, Roy Dean, Robert Pruzan, Rink, Zeus
ARTISTS: Harry Bush, Cavalo, Etienne, The Hun, Charles Musgrave, Drat, Raider, Rex, Beauford Stowell, Tom of Finland, Bill Ward

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HOUSEBOY



YOU SPEAK WHEN SPOKEN TO, BOY, AND FOR THE FIRST MONTH YOUR VOCABULARY CONSISTS OF "YES, SIR!"

HOUSEBOYS ARE MADE AS WELL AS BORN AND ONE WITH A GOOD ATTITUDE CAN BE A JOY FOREVER

Dear Drummer,

I want to thank you (whether or not you know you did it) for finding me a houseboy. He answered my classified ad, sent me a picture and we corresponded for a few weeks as well as kept in close touch by telephone. He wanted to move to the city and we wanted someone to take him over. Finally I told him he could come and he called to announce that he would arrive at the bus station on a Friday afternoon. I sent one of my employees in the truck to pick him up. Since they (nor I) had never seen him, I instructed the kid to put his shoes and socks in his backpack and I would tell the driver to pick up a young fellow standing in front of the bus station barefoot. There couldn't be too many of those. And that is the way he was presented to me about a half hour later.

"Your new boy is here, sir," said my man, and in walked (barefoot) a strapping, darkly handsome Italian type, who stood at my desk with his arms properly held behind his back, looking down.

"Come over here, boy." He came around the desk and stood before me. "Drop 'em." He did and about nine inches of meat stood straight out at me. I had instructed him about a week ago that he was not to beat off until he got here, that I wanted him horny at all times and to show himself just that way. He had followed my instructions beautifully.

"Strip, boy." Off came his shirt and he stepped out of his jeans. Good legs, flat belly, broad shoulders, deep chest with two erect nipples surrounded by a nice pattern of chest hair.

"You think you can be a good houseboy?"

"Yes, Sir!"

"I need someone to take care of my house, the cars, to cook and clean and do heavy yard work." I looked him over. With a few months on a strict gym routine, he would be a showpiece, one to keep to oneself except for a tightly controlled debut among a few friends, I vowed.

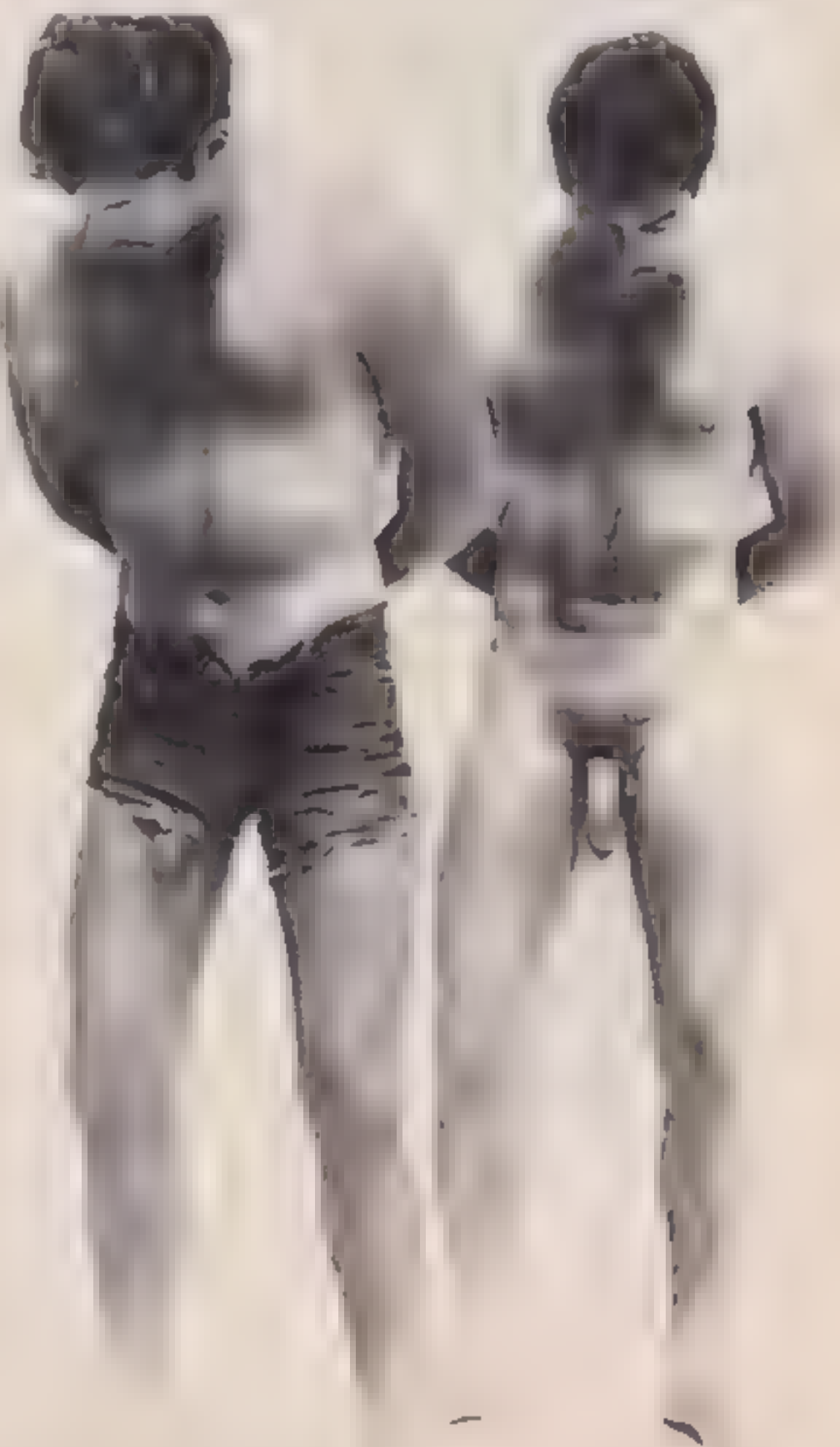
The excitement of being in the city, the fear of being completely under the control of another man, the thrill of having his longtime fantasy suddenly come true seemed more than he could absorb in such a short time. I told him to get down under my desk and to stay there until I was ready to leave. He did as he was told and, as I worked, he lay his head on my knee and would occasionally lick my hand if I put it anywhere near his face. I glanced down occasionally and noticed his big prick standing at attention. It was hurting him not to be allowed to touch it. He would have to learn whose cock came first, last and always and the highlight of the afternoon was having him sucking my cock while I had a couple of callers sitting across from me talking computers. If I was looking glassy-eyed while they were telling me of the merits of the new IBM compatible hardware, it wasn't due to the sales pitch, which I barely heard. Then the little devil started licking my boot while I was trying to answer the men's questions. He pulled it off along with my sock and started on my foot. He sucked my toes, licked my bare sole and ankle and began up my leg. I kicked him in the groin and he stopped. But I got even very soon. I had had a couple too many cups of coffee during the conference and needed to pee. Guess who was handy and who took every drop.

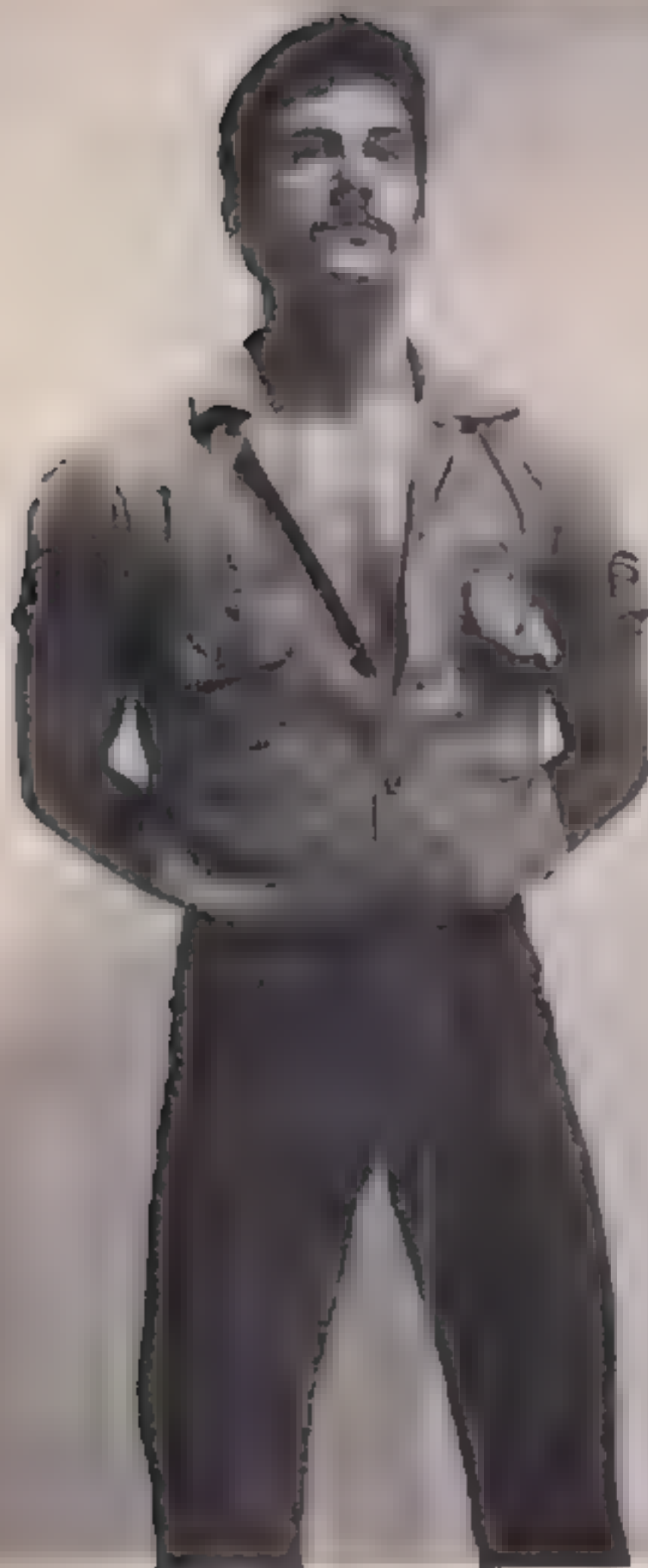
Finally the afternoon was over and it was time to go home. I took my letter opening scissors and cut the legs off his jeans. His big thighs looked great exposed below the ragged edges of the cutoffs. And that is the way we walked to the car, him following me, stripped to the waist, barelegged and barefoot with a collar around his neck, connected to a leash which I led him by. He carried his backpack, my coat and briefcase. I flipped the door lock. "Get in," I said and he put the armload of items in the back seat, then closed the door.

"Open your fly and let it hang out, boy."

He did as he was told without hesitation. And I noticed that his hands never went near his raging hard cock. A good boy.

We arrived home and he carried everything up the stairs. When he walked in the apartment, he automatically pulled off his cutoffs and handed them to me. I showed him through the place, told him where every-





thing I could think of was. Then I told him to get to work.

He straightened the leftover mess from breakfast, made the beds, put the accumulated clothing away, took the dirty clothes down to the laundry room in the basement (as fast as possible since he was wearing only his collar) and started fixing dinner. I was pleasantly surprised that he did so well in a strange kitchen with such a weird assortment in the refrigerator and in the cupboards. He quietly announced dinner and I came in to eat while he knelt at my feet. I slipped him a bite occasionally, then as I took my coffee, told him he could eat. He fixed himself a plate and continued to kneel at my feet as he devoured it. I stroked the back of his neck and he almost purred. He straightened up the kitchen and dining area and reported back to me in the bedroom "Get on the bed, boy."

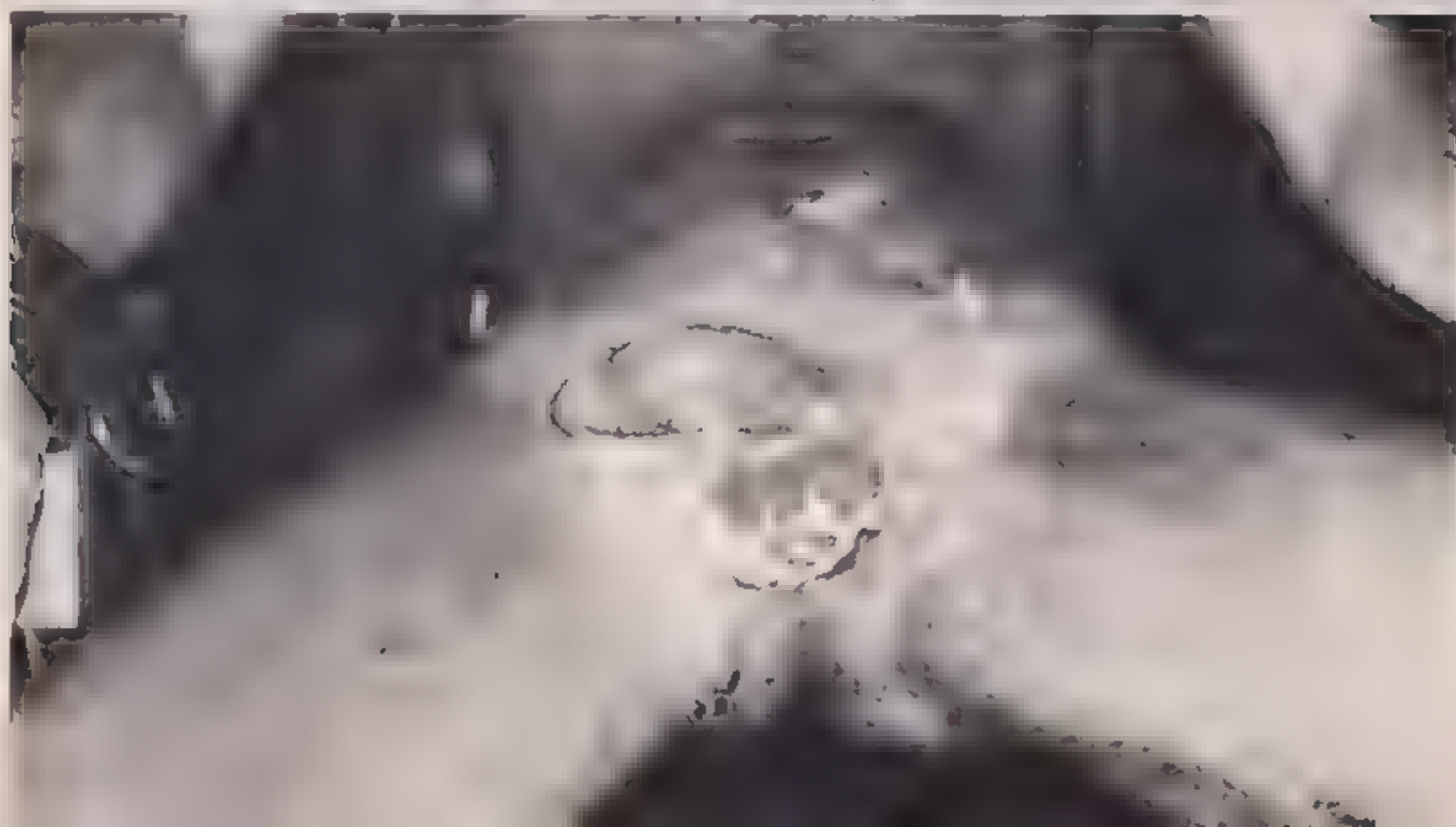
It was time for his nighttime chores. He lay on his back and I told him to draw up his legs and hold them up to give me a good picture of his underside. His buns were tight and firm, his asshole smiled up at me from his upraised rump. I wet my forefinger in his mouth and stuck it in his ass. Tight was the word. Whoever had

trained him had taken very good care of that ass. And I intended to do the same.

But there was a lot of hard training to be done, starting with his toilet training for instance. Now, any houseboy worth his salt knows that he doesn't use the toilet seat at any time, but how many are shown the proper way to pee? Usually they don't even use the toilet bowl but are trained to lay in the shower on their backs, legs up the wall of the shower which puts them in the position of looking down the barrel of their own cock as it unloads itself. And being in the shower makes it handy to clean up the mess. It is excellent training and it makes for good character. I recommend it.

As the weekend progressed, the house settled down to a degree of normalcy, although most households don't have a nude young houseboy rattling around in marine shackles, but their noise told me where he was and that he was busy.

It wasn't until that Sunday night that his horniness began to get out of hand. I let him get in bed beside me and, while he certainly knew better than to touch himself, he was lying on his belly, hands tied behind





him. (Maybe that was why he wasn't considering playing with himself.) I noticed he was quietly humping the mattress, rubbing that big hard prick back and forth under him. It took a few well-placed strokes for the belt on his ass to bring the motions to a halt and when I told him to turn over, he was not very quick about it. A stinging blow across his thighs made him obey and I saw the reason. He had shot all over himself and the bed. Whether it was the belt or the bedrubbing that did it, I couldn't say. He slept on the floor that night.

But he has been a welcome addition to my household. He is no more trouble than is my dog or cat, which he takes good care of. He is learning his way around the city now, even if it is only from seeing it from the floor

of the truck, or as he walks (runs) barefoot to the market.

He is learning to drive, which will be helpful since I don't really like driving. For long trips it will work out very well. He can do the driving, is handy if I have to pee or if I get horny enroute. Just pull over at a rest stop and put him to good use. I had a leather sheath made to fit his dick, which when laced up keeps it up and out, doesn't allow him to masturbate but doesn't interrupt any other bodily function. He drives with it sticking up and out, like a gearshift.

I may put him in school this fall. A boy should complete his education whether he wants to or not. This boy is going to get his degree and his grades had better





be damned good or he is going to spend a lot of time in the woodshed.

The boy, at twenty-three, is bright and energetic. He is developing beautifully. He has gotten used to being not only nude all the time at home but is getting over being embarrassed being naked in front of other people. He has been taught how to make them welcome and submit to whatever handling they want to do with him as long as it is under my supervision. If a guest wants to "finger" him, as the old slave dealers used to call it, he knows now that he is to stand there and let them check out his balls, his meat and his ass. Nothing goes in that, however, except an occasional finger. But he will bend over and spread for them and stay in that position as



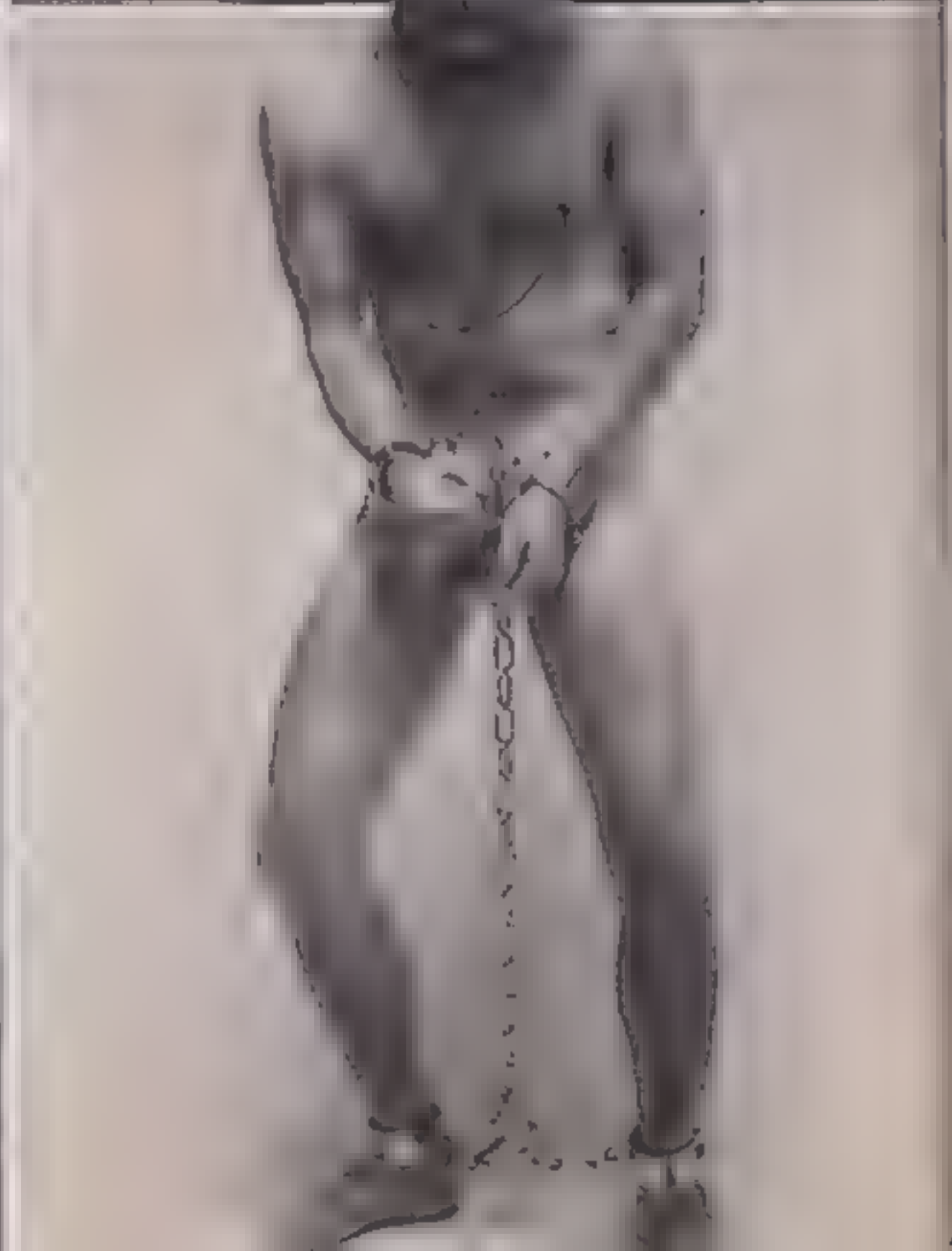
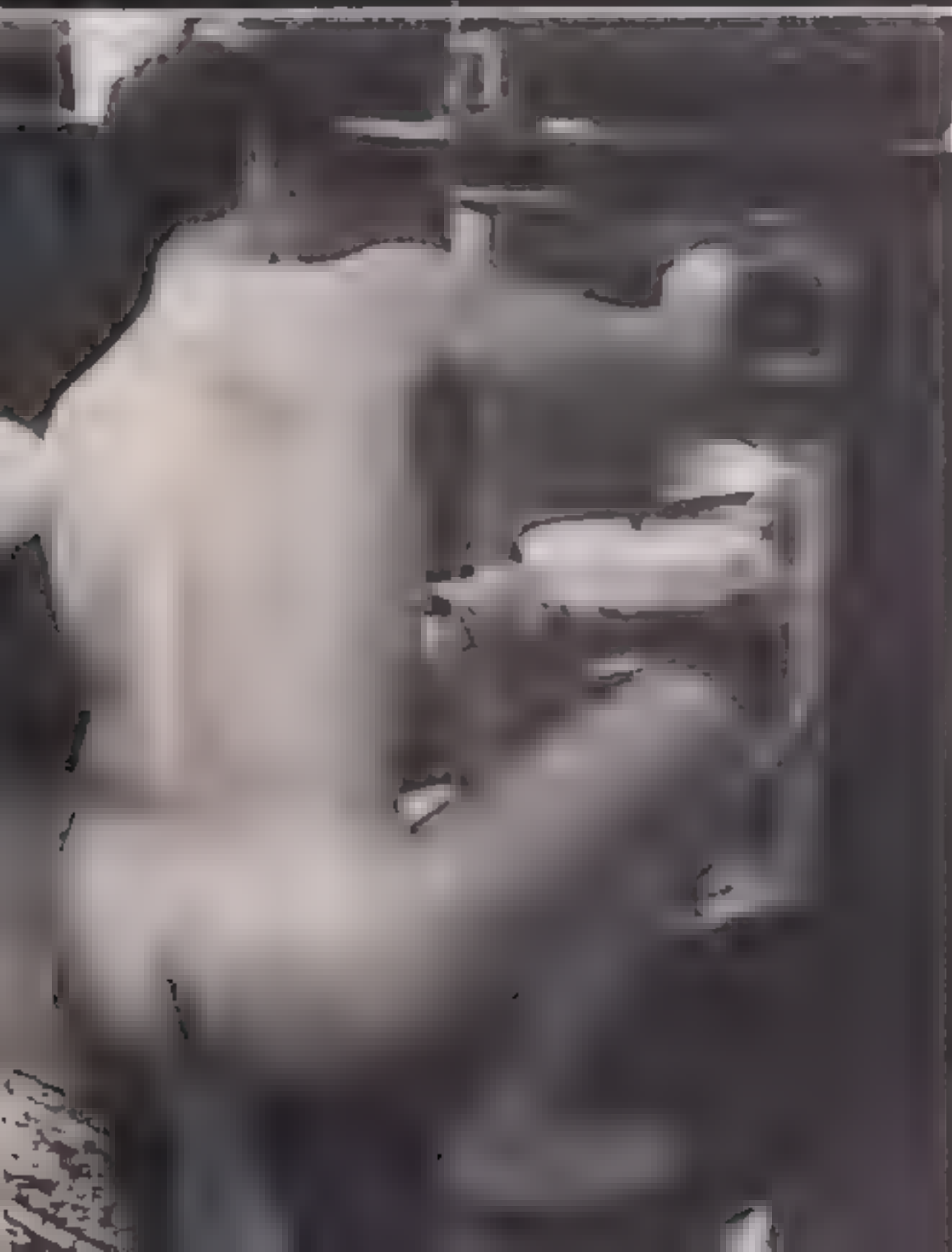
long as nobody tells any different.

He is learning a lot too, about cooking and buying and managing a household budget. His own money is put away in trust and he has to account for every penny since he isn't allowed to have access to anything other than buying errands.

Just as if he were in boot camp, his ego has been stripped down to the essentials, now it has become time to train him. If this boy were my own son, I couldn't be more proud of him. To have had as little training as he had when he started, he has successfully put his ego in its proper place and seems to be devoting himself completely to serving and pleasing his man.

My houseboy is becoming a man.





RAPE AS PUNISHMENT:

Random Notes from Different Eras and Different Cultures

by Adam Starchild



Homosexual rape as an organized form of punishment is a little talked about phenomenon that has actually been quite common across many centuries and many cultures.

Today, it seems conventional wisdom that one is very likely to get raped in a juvenile detention home. But what about the older days, when the traditional punishments were the pillory and the stocks? Everybody has seen pictures of a person standing in the pillory with his head and wrists locked into a wooden bar, or in some models bent over from the waist, with the head and wrists locked, an even more uncomfortable version than the stand-up model.

But have you stopped to reflect upon the rest of the story?

Today, embarrassment keeps many prisoners from admitting they have been raped, and the problem is compounded when looking at an era when people didn't talk about sexual things much. But there was a conventional wisdom among the youth even then that arrest could mean rape. While little was said amongst the adults, these fears and experiences were typical of the teenagers in many towns. A few were daring enough to leave comments in diaries or pass along stories to their sons.

A typical sentence in the pillory might range from three hours to three days. According to one of my own ancestors, the boys in his town often took advantage of the situation. Particular common with the stand-up pillory would be smaller boys running by during the day and dropping the pants or their helpless victim, who would be forced to stand exposed in the public square until someone was willing to approach and pull his pants back up for him. Sometimes one of the local "tough guys" would deliberately try to get a few hours in the pillory

Adam Starchild travels the world as president of Minerva Consulting Group, a New York-based international business consulting firm. His negotiations and social contacts with lawyers and foreign government officials often give him access to reports of strange occurrences that don't make the official reports

as a way of getting the girls to know "what he had."

But none were so willing to try the stooped pillory. The implications of that were often much more like our modern "jailhouse rape." The bent-over position made one less vulnerable to the young depantsters, but an overnight sentence could leave one much more vulnerable to rape. More than one local boy was known to have asked his friends to stay up and guard him through the night.

Since the victim could be approached anonymously from the rear, an unpopular boy, or a particularly attractive one, could be raped several times during the night. More than one young man was willing to take the minimal risk of getting caught at a sneak rape during the night.

A boy with enemies might well find himself the victim of a gang rape, if the local boys disliked him enough that they didn't mind their friends knowing they had been involved. Since the victim could be blindfolded from behind, these gang scenes sometimes included being forced to take it by mouth as well. This was considered even more humiliating than anal rape. The local boys didn't think of it as homosexuality; it was simply sex, and there was no stigma of homosexuality attached to the rapist.

If the victim was particularly unpopular, he might be left with his pants down after the rape, which was pretty much a signal to the townspeople entering the square in the morning that he had been raped—and added considerably to the humiliation. Bad enough being raped in a modern jail cell, but imagine everybody in your community knowing it and seeing your bare ass the morning after! During a three-day sentence, it might also be an invitation to more attacks, since a few who might have hesitated at first wouldn't mind taking advantage of someone they perceived as having already been "used."

While such activities were pretty much confined to the local teenagers taking advantage of each other, sometimes an unpopular older man would become the victim. And God help the man arrested for indiscretion with the farmer's daughter—the farmer might well decide

to come to town and let the man service him as well, especially if he didn't think the sentence was harsh enough.

The tradition of rape as punishment in Turkey and the Arab countries goes back many centuries. Captured soldiers were frequently raped during The Crusades, although strictly speaking this wasn't organized rape as a form of punishment. In the late 1800s and early 1900s, when the British were present in large numbers throughout the Arab countries and Turkey, rape was quite common. There is a story repeated in some reports that alleges that Lawrence of Arabia was raped, and one reference in one of his diaries that vaguely confirms the existence of a rape, without confirming the details. The most elaborate story is that after capture he was brought before the sultan, who raped him before his court, and then allowed the palace guards to take turns raping him while the sultan watched. When they were done, he was allegedly then turned over to the slaves to have their "fun." Whether or not this actually happened to Lawrence, the pattern is known to be true.

In all of the Middle Eastern countries, rape was the accepted form of punishment for a man caught in the harem—usually by turning him over to the slaves to rape.

But avid readers of history books may not realize that the pattern of deliberate rape as punishment still exists. In the early 1970s there was much publicity in the British press about the conditions in Turkish prisons, because a number of young Brits were being arrested in Turkey on drug smuggling charges, and a lengthy sentence given to a 14-year-old British boy (who later escaped) fueled the publicity even more. To try to calm the fears of the British public, the Turks invited a British Broadcasting Corporation television crew to film a Turkish prison to show how modern and humane it was. The British were still using solitary confinement with bread and water as a punishment for infractions of prison rules in British prisons, and the Turkish warden interviewed made much of the fact that Turkey didn't follow this "barbaric" practice. They showed a picture of

Since the victim could be blindfolded from behind, these gang scenes sometimes included being forced to take it by mouth as well. This was considered even more humiliating than anal rape.



a young prisoner, lying in bed reading a book, with one ankle attached by a four-foot chain to the frame of his bed. The explanation was that he was on restrictions for the day as punishment for an infraction of the rules, and that the only punishment was being restricted to his bed in this way so that he could not go out to the exercise yard when the dorm was opened for the day. They emphasized that the punishment was only for one day.

Later, I had the opportunity to meet a young Turk in London who had seen the program, and who had been in a Turkish prison. He laughed and said, "they really suckered the British people with that story." He explained that the whole point of the punishment wasn't restriction from the exercise yard, but rather that the prisoner was tied down so that he could be raped in turn by all of the men in the cell block. In the course of the

day he might be raped as many as 50 or 60 times. The punishment was simply a modern version of the traditional Turkish rape.

On our side of the Atlantic, the government of one of the larger Caribbean islands had an organized rape scheme operating on American prisoners arrested on drug charges. The particular government is no longer in power, but the scheme operated for several years. In this case, rape was definitely part of the punishment, but not the real motive for the scheme, which was designed to raise revenue for the government.

The young American caught taking his load of marijuana out of the country would first go to a local jail. The government would quickly check out the financial strength of the family, and pre-trial communications were prohibited by law. Bail would always be denied, and

the victim would be transferred from the police jail to the prison. In each case they would make sure that there was one white prisoner to each overcrowded cell of 20 or 25 local black prisoners, and the inevitable multiple rapes would occur.

By the time the trial came up, the court would impose a high fine and deportation, but always a fine within the financial reach of the family. The first communication between prisoner and family was allowed at this time, since the prisoner was no longer awaiting trial. Naturally, he would be thoroughly horrified at the multiple rapes, and beg the family to pay the fine and get him home as quickly as possible. (If the fine wasn't paid within a few weeks, the government would usually deport the prisoner anyway, as they didn't want to waste money on keeping them.)

One high police official even remarked privately that the government



MALE RAPE: On the Rise

From clinical reports, stories that make the rounds of hospitals, and comments from gay rights groups, professionals know that men are rape victims. However, they also know that statistics about this issue are almost impossible to obtain since men are unlikely to report that they were raped. "Men are afraid or ashamed to report that they were raped," comments one rape crisis center staffer. "We are very limited in what we know."

Knowledge may be limited, but male rape is not without fact or incident. Many professionals indicate that men may be at the same point women were ten years ago on the subject of rape—more assertive, willing to talk, and beginning to realize that the victim is not the criminal.

Most centers have no hard-core statistics, although many are now conducting surveys on the subject. All admit that they see male victims, from children

through middle age and crossing all sociological boundaries. One staffer in the Deep South admitted to seeing ten cases in four months, while another reports three to four cases a month. Most admit reporting it is on the rise, but reserve judgment as to the increase in actual instances of male rape. The San Francisco Trauma Center reports a 4% increase in a two-year period. (There have also been cases of men sexually assaulted by women.) In New York City, there were no hard statistics, although one center has two males on staff to counsel victims—one homosexual and the other heterosexual. The victims are given a choice of counselors.

From all indications, the aggressors appear to be identified as heterosexual men, although sex is not the issue in rape. "The aggressor, it appears to me, thinks the most humiliating way you can degrade a man is to demand him sexually. It is a question of power, not sex,"

commented one staff director. (The same comment is also frequently made about rapes in prison.)

There have also been instances of homosexual rape (where both aggressor and victim are gay) reported, but all were quick to point out that those instances were miniscule. Several gay rights organizations around the country found the subject of rape a very serious issue among gays.

A major difference of female vs. male rape is that instances tend to involve two or more aggressors. But similar to female rape victims, most victims are selected "off the street," where they are isolated. Generally, men do not report the incident unless they have been physically injured—and it tends to be that men are both physically and sexually abused. Men are more "roughed up," as one counselor put it. Reports of child molestation are more frequent. Parents usually bring them in

had hired a psychologist to determine the optimum holding period before trial, and that he decided on three weeks as being enough to insure multiple rapes and a feeling of horror. The psychologist recommended not allowing a longer holding period, because after three weeks a feeling of acceptance and resignation would begin to set in, and the victims had to be at the peak of distress when they met their families in court. This same police official remarked that the provision of a white prisoner to rape was also considered to be a reward in the prison, and that they hadn't had a riot since starting the scheme.

Rapes in American prisons are usually not such a formal means of punishment, although the statement is often made that prison administrators do use the situation to maintain order.

A lawsuit by a prisoner in a county jail in Tennessee a few years ago did allege an organized rape. This prisoner, a very small white boy from Wisconsin, claimed that after being rowdy he was taken out of the main cellblock and placed in a restricted cell with four black prisoners who were awaiting trial on charges of having raped two other prisoners in the jail. He says that he was left in the cell for several days until he was raped, and then placed back in the main cellblock.

A different horror story was told by another small white prisoner in another southern state, after he was sentenced to a roadwork gang for a traffic violation in the late 1960s. In his lawsuit, he said that on the first night he was placed in the middle of the chain of prisoners, all of whom were black. During the night he was fondled by the prisoners on each side of him, but nothing else happened. The next morning the trustee supervising the roadwork approached him and started telling him that he knew how horrible it must be to be in the middle

with all those smelly bodies around him and the fear of assault. The trustee told him that if he would sign his \$5 jail pay for the week over to him, he would get the guard to move him to the end of the chain that afternoon.

He was moved to the end of the chain as promised, but that night learned how he had been tricked when he discovered that by being on the end the prisoners could all move down the line and rape him one by one, while in the middle he could only be reached by the prisoners on either side of him. During his multiple rape by the other nine prisoners, the guard sat by the campfire holding his shotgun and laughing.

In the last few years there has been a trend in over a dozen states to pass what are called "shock parole" laws. The object of these laws is that the judge sentences a first offender to a long sentence in the state prison, and then brings them back to court unexpectedly sometime within the first sixty days, and commutes the sentence to a long-term parole instead. In theory this parole is supposed to come as a complete surprise, and the shock of seeing prison first-hand is supposed to reform the person's behavior.

One must wonder, however, if this isn't a subtle form of the coming of organized rape as punishment in America. The judge must be very aware that sending a young first offender to a state prison for a few weeks almost guarantees that he will be raped.

From a preventative viewpoint, there is probably nothing one can do to avoid being raped in a situation where organized rape is being used as a form of punishment. Survival is more a question of the proper mental attitude. The American cultural hang-up on the horrors of homosexuality and male rape makes Americans psychologically more vulner-

able than men in many other cultures. Of course it is a horrible experience, but it one can avoid getting a psychological hang-up about losing masculinity, the physical aspects of the situation, barring serious damage, are transitory, after all. Having a penis (or even many penises) stuck up your ass for a while still isn't as bad as being beaten up, having a broken jaw and/or broken ribs, having one's face cut, or any of the other horrible things that could happen to a prisoner in such a situation. The scars and horrors of rape are much more in one's own mind and having a positive attitude about the situation is the first line of defense.

During the Vietnam war there was an incident at the Naval Training Center that was reported in *Time* magazine, about a drill instructor who was court-martialed for being abusive to his trainees. Amongst the charges were forcing the recruits to eat live lizards, and forced oral sodomy. Truly a horrible experience, and one that a recruit shouldn't have to go through. But some years later I met a Vietnam veteran who had such an experience in his training, and later was a prisoner of war. He said that, although the forced oral sodomy by his instructor had been the worst experience of his life at the time it happened, he silently thanked his D.I. for it when he was a prisoner and was forced into just such a situation. With the initial shock of having a penis shoved in his mouth out of the way, he was mentally prepared for the experience as a prisoner. Although in great fear he said he was able to detach himself from the incident while it was happening and think to himself "I know I can handle this." He wasn't gay, and these were the only homosexual experiences he had ever had, but he didn't come out of it with a hang-up. □

In dealing with an increase in reports of male rape, many centers were conducting surveys on the subject, compiling data and information, seeking funds to add male staffers to handle victims, and addressing the subject in their printed matter, public service announcements and outreach work. And some centers, founded during the "women's movement," have or are changing their names—typically by dropping women from their titles.

Leaders of the gay community in Atlanta have joined forces with the Grady Rape Crisis Center at Grady Memorial Hospital in Atlanta to pressure the city to allocate funds for public service announcements (PSAs) that address the subject of male rape. They are also seeking funds to establish a position for a male counselor to deal with this problem. Mr. Frank Scheuren of Dignity Atlanta, a gay rights organization, acted on the issue following the gang-style

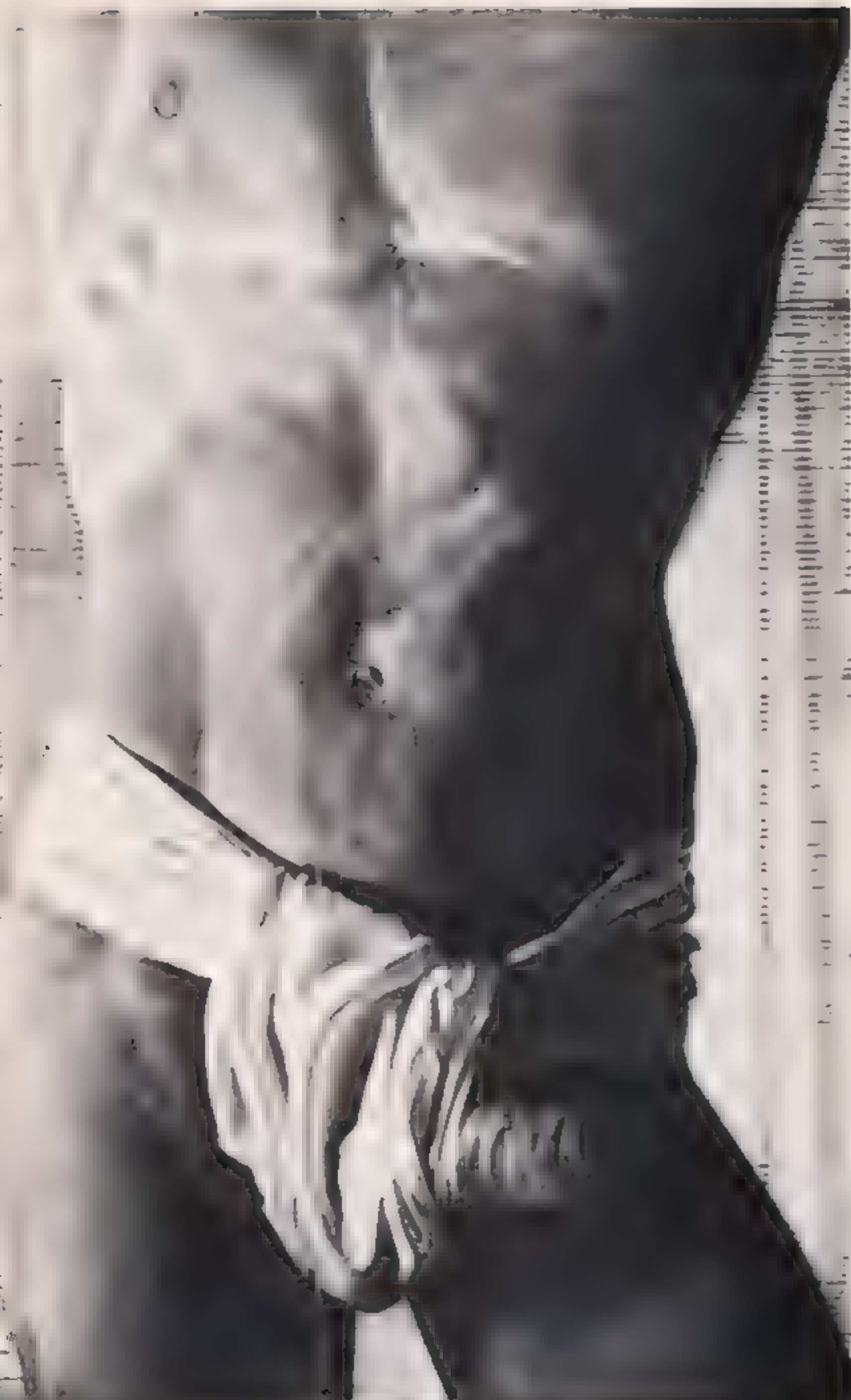
rape of a young homosexual man who had sought medical care at the emergency room of a private hospital and met with an unempathetic response. "The kid had been badly beaten and abused by his drug-induced roommate and several of the latter's friends," said Scheuren, "and when he went to the hospital (not Grady) their attitude was that all homosexuals are into SM and drugs and that the victim got what he deserved."

"We (the gay community in Atlanta) realized that there was no awareness of the issue of male rape or even a place where men who have been raped could go," Scheuren said. That led Scheuren to a meeting with Peg Ziegler, director of the Grady Rape Crisis Center. The largest and most successful rape crisis center in that sun-belt city, Grady is funded by both the hospital and the city, has five staff members—all female. "We have male volunteers," said Ziegler, "but no

male staffers." Jointly, the Grady Rape Crisis Center and Dignity Atlanta are asking the City for funds to add a male counselor at Grady. Scheuren had volunteered his services in the interim. The center also hopes to re-do and/or add PSAs so that men in the community know that they can be helped "as soon as we can find the money," Ziegler told us.

(Although the commonly used term "rape" has been used in this article, the term "sexual assault" has been used by some professionals to define "those sexual encounters in which a man or boy has been forced to participate involuntarily in undesired sexual activity under threat of physical violence or while physically restrained." They do not use the term rape because this term is generally associated with women. Eleven states plus the District of Columbia still have statutory rape laws which define the crime only in terms of a man and woman.)

Peter J. Cipollini
DRUMMER 21



I wasn't exactly a ninety-seven pound weakling, but I wasn't cover material for 'Strength and Health' either. A friend of mine was telling me about a new gym that, according to him, really made you work and they guaranteed the results. The latter part appealed to him but the earlier part didn't. He liked to sit around the gym he belonged to (when he went) and cruise and shoot the shit with the other clones. I used to go with him there but I didn't seem to accomplish very much. The guys bored me and the instructor was so full of attitude I couldn't stomach it. I even tried a straight gym but that was a whole different ball of wax. So I kept toned up by playing handball at the 'Y' and working out a little at home when I was in the mood. However, making yourself work out on, a regular basis, all by yourself at home takes more will power and discipline than I could scrape up. It was like dieting.

So I don't know what made me go by The Gym (that's all the name it had) and check it out. It wasn't easy to find and I certainly didn't happen to be in the neighborhood. I seldom hit South of Market before midnight and here I was strolling down Folsom midafternoon. I found the place and went up the stairs to where I could hear the metallic clank of the weights and the heavy puffing. But one thing I heard very little of was conversation. No laughing, certainly no giggling, and no yelling across the place. I walked in and looked around, first at the guys, naturally, then at the place. The guys were wearing jockstraps and that was all. And they were working like their lives depended on it. But in the center of the big room stood the reason. A big guy, well over six feet tall, in shorts and a t-shirt that said "I AM IN CHARGE HERE" with a look that said the very same thing.

Now, in many gyms you can wander in and if you look like you know why you are there, or even if you don't, nobody will bother you. His dark eyes spotted me immediately and he just said, "Yes?", which sounded more like a statement than a question. I approached him and started to say something, anything, when he turned to a somewhat overweight guy who was doing pushups.

"Ten more times, '58', ten more times and you can shower."

The guy didn't look like he could do it one more time but he certainly was giving it the old college try. He hesitated and the yardstick The Man had in his hand popped the guy on his bare rump. There was a lot more enthusiasm for the rest of the ten. The Man then gave me his undivided attention.

"Yes?", he asked/said again.

I had had no intention of working out at gyms again and was somewhat startled to hear myself blurt out, "I want to work out."

"Why?" he asked, without a trace of

Illustration: CHARLES A. MCGRAVE

S&M GYM REVISITED

BY ROBERT PAYNE

emotion.

I started to say, "Because I want to, asshole," but that didn't sound like an answer one would give to this man. So I went into how I needed to redistribute some weight and thought I would feel better. That seemed to satisfy him, at least he didn't challenge it. He told me to come into the office. Who could say no to this guy?

"Strip," he said simply, and strip I did. My body isn't bad, not bad at all. In fact there have been times I get admiring glances here and there. But in front of this stud, I felt like the illustration of the guy that gets sand kicked in his face.

"Turn around," I did, desperately hoping he hadn't noticed that my prick seemed to have a mind of its own. He started measuring me and writing everything on a chart on his clipboard. If he was going to measure my cock, I hoped he waited until it got where it seemed to be going. He ran his hand over my back and asked me why I was broken out there.

"Diet and sun," he said and there was no further discussion.

He measured my thighs and calves and I noticed he didn't indicate any written change in their shape like he did on my upper body.

"Couple of inches on your shoulders, three on your chest, inch and a half on your biceps—you'll lose a couple of inches on your waist. The top of you needs to match the lower half." I guess that was a compliment, at least for my legs.

"You ready to start now?"

I wasn't, but I was sure it was a little test. Sort of like when you are hired for a job and they tell you to go to work and you tell them you have to do some personal things first. Right away they can tell what kind of employee you are going to be. So I said, "Yes," then added, "Sir," for some unexplainable reason. He nodded and handed me a jockstrap.

"Here is your uniform. You will report three days a week and will work out for a full two hours. If you don't live up to our expectations, we will refund the balance of your money and send you home."

Here I hadn't even paid for my membership and he was talking about drumming me out of the corps. Suddenly I wanted to live up to what this man expected of me and what I instinctively knew he could do for and with me. I started to ask "where I changed," and realized that was silly. I was buck naked. He had seen everything there was to see. I pulled on the jock and padded out to the main room. He went with me and stuck with me like a mustard plaster. Together we went through the exercises with me doing the work, of course. He noticed immediately when I faked it or when I wasn't really straining. By the time the session was over I had little red

stripes all over most of me and I felt limp as a rag.

"That was good for a light breaking in," he said. "We'll really get down to business day after tomorrow." I went to the showers.

But instead I stuck it out and every week or so I'd get a new chart with either heavier weights or more repetitions. The results were beginning to show. My pants were too big and my shirts were getting too small.

That wasn't the only result. I was beginning to attract attention. I was standing at the bar one Saturday evening and up walks someone I had admired from afar for a long, long time. He is an older guy, at least a lot older than me. Wears his keys on the left of his leather pants and his well defined torso is thinly disguised by a straining t-shirt.

"You're looking good, boy. Where you been keeping yourself?"

"Working my ass off at The Gym," I thought to myself. But I said something vague about being around. I smiled my sweetest and most innocent without actually fluttering my eyelashes and said in my deepest voice, "You're looking good yourself... Sir."

But later I broke down and told him about The Gym and how effective it had been in my young life. As we stood and talked, he reached over and began unbuttoning my shirt. He opened it and looked at my exposed chest. I wouldn't have complained if he had stripped me right there on the spot.

The long and short of it was that he took me home and then he did strip me. He looked me over, not unlike The Man In Charge had done, felt my flanks, my back, my legs and shoulders and, of course, my ass. Then he took me off to the bedroom. I have never been the same since.

I live in his house now and I wear just about what I wore that night, which is nothing. He works me hard out in the back yard and in the basement. I get punished and/or rewarded in the garage.

But the biggest change in events was my new friend's going to The Gym and talking to The Man In Charge. It must border on competition class because I now work out every day, upper body one day, lower body the next. I may have been happy with my legs but it was decided they needed improving. Now, it doesn't matter, I guess, that none of my clothes fit me since I very seldom wear any. I am beginning to be pretty big. Even my leather collar had to be let out a couple of notches.

The Man In Charge knows my status, of course, but it really isn't too different from the one I enjoy at the gym. I do as I am told and I do it good, fast and complete. So far I have lived up to their guarantee of how much I was going to gain or lose within a certain time. So The Gym

has never had to refund any money to my master, which is just as well since I would get it at both ends that way.

The two of them are casually talking about entering me into some light competition. I have no way of knowing how I would do, but I know I had better do well or there will be hell to pay.

At one point my master asked The Man if he thought I should be switched to a more high-powered gym if I was to be entered in some serious body building. The decision ended being no, obviously, since I am still working out half days every day at The Gym. I go home to do my chores and by nightfall I can hardly move around but that doesn't affect the demands of my master on me at night.

He says I need to conserve my energy so I haven't been allowed to come since I can't remember when. In spite of my tiredness, I get awfully horny sometimes but in all truth I don't miss that morning jack off session. I am more concerned about my master's cock and his being satisfied. Mine seems to be always hard but I haven't had any wet dreams for quite a while. I guess I am using up all my energies with the workouts and the hard work.

My shoulders are really broad and I have the pecs of death. You wouldn't believe my belly or even my legs that I used to be so proud of. They, by my old standards, are awesome. My arms are about like my legs used to be. My lats are as wide as my shoulders were and, while I can't credit The Gym with my nipples, you should see them. My master has taken a special interest in them. I think back on my old existence and I seemed only half alive. Two guys somehow came into my life and I will never be what I was before. But maybe the biggest change is in my attitude. I could walk into most bars and take my pick of anything standing around. There are plenty of guys wanting even a master and, looking at myself in the mirror (which I do occasionally), I could even fit the bill physically. But that is not my schtick. I know what I am and I want to be the very best I can to please the two guys I owe it all to.

Every once in a while The Man In Charge seems to almost have a smile on his face when he takes my measurements and puts them down on the charts. He is undoubtedly proud of himself and probably proud of me. It makes me sort of glow inside and I want to get down on my lucking knees and lick his tennis shoes.

My master made me take everything off to show his friends how I was developing. I did a few poses that The Man had showed me and I guess they were impressed. At least my master seemed pleased.

So here I am, on the threshold of being a competition body builder to please the man in my life. If The Gym is looking for a testimonial, baby, they've got it. □

DRUMSTICKS

Walking The Dog

Out in the electric night
Onlookers stare with envy
At the dog on the end of my rope
How they'd like to be him
Hot leather bodies divide
Knowing smiles follow him
Bowed head, he doesn't see them
Potential users approach,
One asks
In a dark doorway,
The dog is used
For the fifth time tonight
His stretched, fiery asshole
Will be ready
For me

—Auggie Camelli



*"No, actually now that I'm used to it,
it only hurts when I laugh"*



"Relax Hercules Here's something that will take care of those hemorrhoids once and for all"



DRUMMER EDITION

ECSTASY & STRENGTH

by Tim Barrus

Illustration: Tom of Finland

He was a black man. A virgin. His eyes were the eyes of ecstasy. His muscles were the muscles of strength. He was a virgin. He was pitch beautiful black. Black as seduction. His eyes begged me to fuck him. But he was a virgin. His blackness satiated my torment. His blackness was as black as New York on another captivated night of dark, ravished indulgence. Eyes as black as grievance. He begged me to fuck him. Ecstasy. I held him like a child in the palm of my hand. Strength.

I no longer go to the Mineshaft for sex. I no longer believe in sex. The things I have learned to believe in at the Mineshaft have nothing to do with sex. Nothing to do with seduction. Fuck sex. The chagrin of rapture. I believe in amusement. I believe in luxury. I believe in the luxury of sucking on a tongue after it has just licked the bottom of my boot. I do not believe in sex.

Mineshaft. A reign of painless felicitous prepossession. Amusement. I go to the Mineshaft for the fascination of being fascinated. It is an outburst of raving delirium to be fascinated with anything whatsoever. It is the last place left on earth with the capacity to satiate me. Allure. And I am indulged with its ecstatic ability to ultimately amuse my gnawing boredom with life. Strength.

Of course I met him at the Mineshaft. Where else? Black. Yes, it was definitely the first thing that attracted me, although "attracted" is the wrong word. I am no longer attracted to

**I would find it ecstatically
delicious if some full-leathered
bastard would shove a
nauseatingly unendurable
full-leathered fist up this
little boy's eager black hole . . .**

anything. I was intrigued. Amused. He was luxuriously black. He was out of his element. He smiled at me. No one smiles at the Mineshaft. I wanted to laugh. I wanted to say, "You are in the wrong place. What are you doing here?" But I said nothing because that which does not know its place, that which does not fit, is what inevitably interests me the most. I would find it ecstatically delicious if some full-leathered bastard would shove a nauseatingly unendurable full-leathered fist up this little boy's eager black hole. . . or gag it down his throat. Leather and intrigue.

His black eyes wanted me to fuck him. "Do you come here often?" he asked, smiling.

"I cannot fuck you," I said, "I no longer believe in sex."

"What?" he asked.

"But I'd be glad to watch someone else fuck you. I'm sure that there are many men here who would do it."

He just stared at me. I had broken the rules. And he needed time to consider what to do, what to say next. He now knew that he was in a place that either had no rules or else had its own set of unrelieved conciliations. Or both. Small talk was mournfully useless. He looked around the room. He stared at my leather.

"I like leather," I said.

"Are you gay?" he asked. He was serious. It was a question I had not been asked in some time. Years. Decades. Now I was the one who stared.

"No," I said.

"Everyone in here looks gay," he said.

"Some of us are simply bored. We are bored. If you are bored you can't be gay. You can be 'gay,' but you can't be, you know, gay. I am too bored to be gay."

"Would you like to fuck me?"

"No. I'm too bored to fuck anyone. You need someone gay to fuck you. Have you ever been fucked before?"

"Not really," he said.

I was intrigued. In my world you had either been fucked or you hadn't. And in my world everyone had been fucked. Twice.

"What do you mean. . . not really. . ."

"Well, not really. But I've been around, you know. I'm in here, aren't I?"

"How old are you, anyway?"

"Old enough."

"Oh, no. No, no, no. I am old enough. Me. I'm not sure what you are yet, but whatever it is, it isn't old enough. Not yet. You are very pretty. I'm sure there are a thousand men in here who'd give up a weekend with Boy George to fuck you. I am too old to fuck anyone. Don't ask me to fuck you."

"Fuck me."

"No. I don't fuck eighteen-year-olds. Virgins. There is nothing more boring in life than a virgin."

"You sound like another jaded New York faggot."

"Do tell."

"Fuck me."

"No. You have to beg for it, and you wouldn't know how to beg for it."

And his eyes begged for it. His coal-black eyes ruefully exacted a commitment from me that I did not want to give. I do not believe in sex.

"I have a young black hole that'd just suck your white cock into it, man." I just looked at him coldly as he talked about his ache. We all have aches. I was bored with ache. New York is soaked in ache. So many men with ache have licked down the smooth stink of my accumulated leather that my leather smells like a mixture of ache, plague, and cum. I no longer believe in ache. I believe in luxury and satiation. I believe in plague and cum. I do not believe in little boys, black, beautiful, or otherwise. I believe in the Mineshaft. I am very New York.

I just turned away from him and left him standing there. I was bored. I was not going to fuck him. Not if he had begged for hours. He didn't know the meaning of the word. Beg. Ecstasy. Beg. Strength.

I left the Mineshaft. It was cold out on Washington Street. It is always cold out on Washington Street. I walked toward Christopher. The sun was rising and sending the tiresome message of its disheartened day like a quietly bewailed lament. Day is always a bowl of cheer on Washington Street. In the pit of my stomach I knew I was being followed. I could sense it. I did not turn around to look. Fuck him. I wanted a cup of coffee.

The coffee shop was full of last night's pretty-boys trying to summon up the caffeined energy to find a cab, go home with whomever they were with, and finally get themselves fucked. The coffee shop was fevered with the thick blueish smoke from a thousand cigarettes. He sat down beside me. He was very beautiful.

"Fuck me."

"I don't fuck virgins."

"Fuck me."

"No."

I ordered a cup of coffee. One cup of coffee. One. He did not go away. What I wanted were four black Russians. What I had was a very strong cup of coffee. He sat there and just looked at me. I lit a cigarette. I just looked back at him. I finished my coffee. I left. It was cold. I could see my breath.

"Why are you following me?"

"Where do you live?"

"In an apartment. Go away."

"Fuck me."

"No."

We came to my building. It looks like two million other buildings in New York. Everything after a while in Manhattan looks the same. I let myself into the building with my key. He just stood there in the cold, kind of jumping up and down for warmth, his hands in his pockets, his breath looking like smoke in the cold. He was very beautiful. He mouthed the words *fuck me* through the glass. I mouthed the word *no* back.

I woke up at exactly noon. One tends to wake oneself when one's doorbell rings incessantly. I looked through the ridiculous little peek hole on the door. Shit. It was him. He was standing there with a bag of something and what looked to be

two cups of coffee.

"Good morning," he said. "I thought you might be hungry by now." And we ended up sitting at my kitchen table, which was cluttered with empty beer cans, filled ashtrays, and books, eating pastry and waking up.

"Fuck me," he said.

"No."

"I could really get into doing it with you."

"No."

"You don't like me, do you?"

"I think that you're very beautiful. And very young. Very young. Too young. Why don't you just sit on my couch over there and jerk off? I'll watch you. Now, won't that be a thrill?"

"And you'll watch?"

"I'll watch. Now, won't that make you feel better?"

"Can I have something of yours?"

"What do you have in mind?"

"Anything that would have your smell." I found him an old jockstrap. I no longer believe in jockstraps.

So I sat there and watched. Yes, it was a very big cock. And, yes, it was quite black. Very dark meat. An immense head. He'd pulled his jeans down to his knees. I wasn't sure I was going to allow that, but what the hell. And, yes, he put the stinking jockstrap to his face and lips while he jerked his big meat until he moaned out a rabid stream of thick jiz. A black little rectum peeked out from inside his crack but I had seen it all before. It didn't take him too long. He didn't waste too much of my time. Two cigarettes. "Fuck me," he begged as he started to come.

"No."

I made him leave then. Her looked as if he could seriously start complicating my life. I didn't need any complications. I didn't need any relationships. I didn't need anything or anyone. Fuck it. I let him cock himself off. I watched. Okay. It was over. Goodbye. Get the fuck out.

That was when the letters started coming. One, sometimes two every day. Long letters. Letters describing in great detail how badly he wanted me to fuck his black shit hole. I was unimpressed.

"Oh, daddy. I've never wanted anything as badly as I want you to drop a wad of your precious sperm down my black throat." Etcetera. Etcetera. It was all very drool. And very boring. I stopped even opening the letters. I'd just chuck them. I no longer believe in sex. I believed in boredom and only boredom.

And then it came. It was simply a small package wrapped in brown paper. It was marked "fragile." I opened it. There was no return address. It was a bottle. I just kept it on the table looking at it for some time. A bottle filled with dark red blood. Suddenly I was somewhat interested. Beg.

I opened it. It smelled like blood. I put my finger into it, just touching the tip of the finger with the thick red mixture. I put the wetness to my tongue. Blood. Beg.

He sent me his blood. I was intrigued. I was amused. I had his address. I would find him.

In all of the time I have lived in Manhattan I had never been to the Bronx. Not once. It is much too far away from the Mineshaft. But he lived in the Bronx and I was going to find his ass. His black ass. There's a lot of black ass in the Bronx.

My cab traveled up Broadway to 225th. At a light an old fat lady with extremely bright orange hair crossed the street and almost fell on her face at the curb in what looked to be a drug induced haze. The Bronx is the center of charm in the universe. Everyone should move to the Bronx. The building he lived in almost looked to be abandoned. The top floor windows were all broken. I waited across the street in a side alley. I knew that he would have to emerge. The time of fun and game was over. It took him two packs of cigarettes.

He came out of the building at dusk. It was definitely him. He looked like he might be heading down toward the subway. He passed by the alley I was standing in, and I yelled out, "Hey, you." He peered into the darkness of the alley and smiled.

"Is that you?" He asked. I was so bored with innocence... his innocence... any innocence... Ecstasy.

The rape didn't take long. I came more quickly than I had expected. Maybe because it was a rape. They say that rape is an act of violence. That it is not ultimately sex, and they, whoever they are, must know what they are talking about. Of course I wasn't quite what he'd had in mind. He thought that we'd just end up all cuddly in my bed or something. He thought that I'd fuck him and tell him how much I loved him. That we'd disenchant our sperm into the other's bowels... that's what he meant when he said that he wanted me to fuck him. Kiss. Kiss. He did not mean that he ever wanted some strong bastard dressed in leather to push his black face into the cold concrete of an alley in the Bronx while his shit hole was stretched and soured with a storm of alleviated resignation. Rape. Ecstasy. Strength. Sperm. I fucked his black hole. It was that simple. And, ultimately, if rape is anything it is simple. I could feel the warm wetness in his rectum which had to be blood. I put my face down to his ripped asshole and tasted his ass-blood. Yes, it was, indeed, the same blood I had tasted in the bottle. Beg. Well, he had begged. He had gotten what he had begged for. Ecstasy.

I left him there in the alley, face down. I was through. I had gotten what I had come for. As I walked away I could hear him softly crying. Bronx tears. Fuck him. I told him I did not believe in sex. I believe in rape. Strength.

I stopped hearing from him. I didn't expect to hear from him.

**"Oh, daddy.
I've never wanted
anything as badly as I want
you to drop a wad
of your precious sperm
down my black throat."**

And I certainly didn't make any contact. I no longer believe in contact. I believe in the Mineshaft. Everyone should move to the Mineshaft. Fuck the Bronx. The amusement of the malcontent. Soreness. A thousand shit holes a night begging to be eaten. At the Mineshaft I am always able to find one kind of amusement or another. Ecstasy.

One particularly luded night I found the black man they were all fisting to be most amusing. I think that perhaps I didn't recognize him because of the piercings. When I knew him he had had nothing pierced. But now his cock held out a golden ring of sexual defiance through its piss slit with gaoling sexual rage. The rings through his agonized black tits were pulled on by an all too discontented leathered animal who brought the black beast's lips to his. Ravished. I didn't realize it was him. Not until he asked the animal who was sucking on his lips to fuck him. Then I knew.

"Get up."

"What?"

"I said get out of the sling."

"Is that you?"

I turned to the man who wanted to fuck him. "He's with me." And the man left.

"Who the fuck do you think you are, man? He was going to fuck me."

"Get dressed. You're coming with me."

"Where are we going?"

"My place. I'm taking you home now."

"What do you have in mind?"

"Shut up."

And I took him home to fuck him. I fucked him gently. Passionately. Slowly. He was no longer young. And I wanted him. Captivated black turbulence. One flushed frantic black asshole. He did not rip. A furor of sperm. His blackness was provocative. Wild. Pierced. Muscled. The animal was mine. Ecstasy. □





BOOT SLAVE

by Lars

Preliminaries

In our introductory correspondence, when the cowboy first used the term, it turned me off. Boot slave? Hell, I craved boots, leather and bondage—even rigid bondage—but somehow I preferred the image of “prisoner” or “convict,” not slave. The gay connotation of “slave” was, well, too slavish to suit me. Homosexual slaves, it seemed, served their masters voluntarily, wimpishly, without genuine compulsion. Conversely, prisoners and convicts pulled time involuntarily. Strong and defiant in their chains, they were victims dignified under duress. I would never be his boot slave.

But then I met him, and from his cowboy hat to his levi jacket, to the black leather pants on his long lanky legs and the pointed two-tone boots on his feet, he stunned and impressed me. He was “cowboy,” and his shit-kickers somehow accented the whole. Blond hair, a win-

ning smile and friendly manner completed the package. In previous months, our torrid fantasy correspondence had already made us nearly intimate, but I was not prepared for the deep, almost instant feelings that seeing him in leather and flesh produced. Here was a man I could love. Worship?

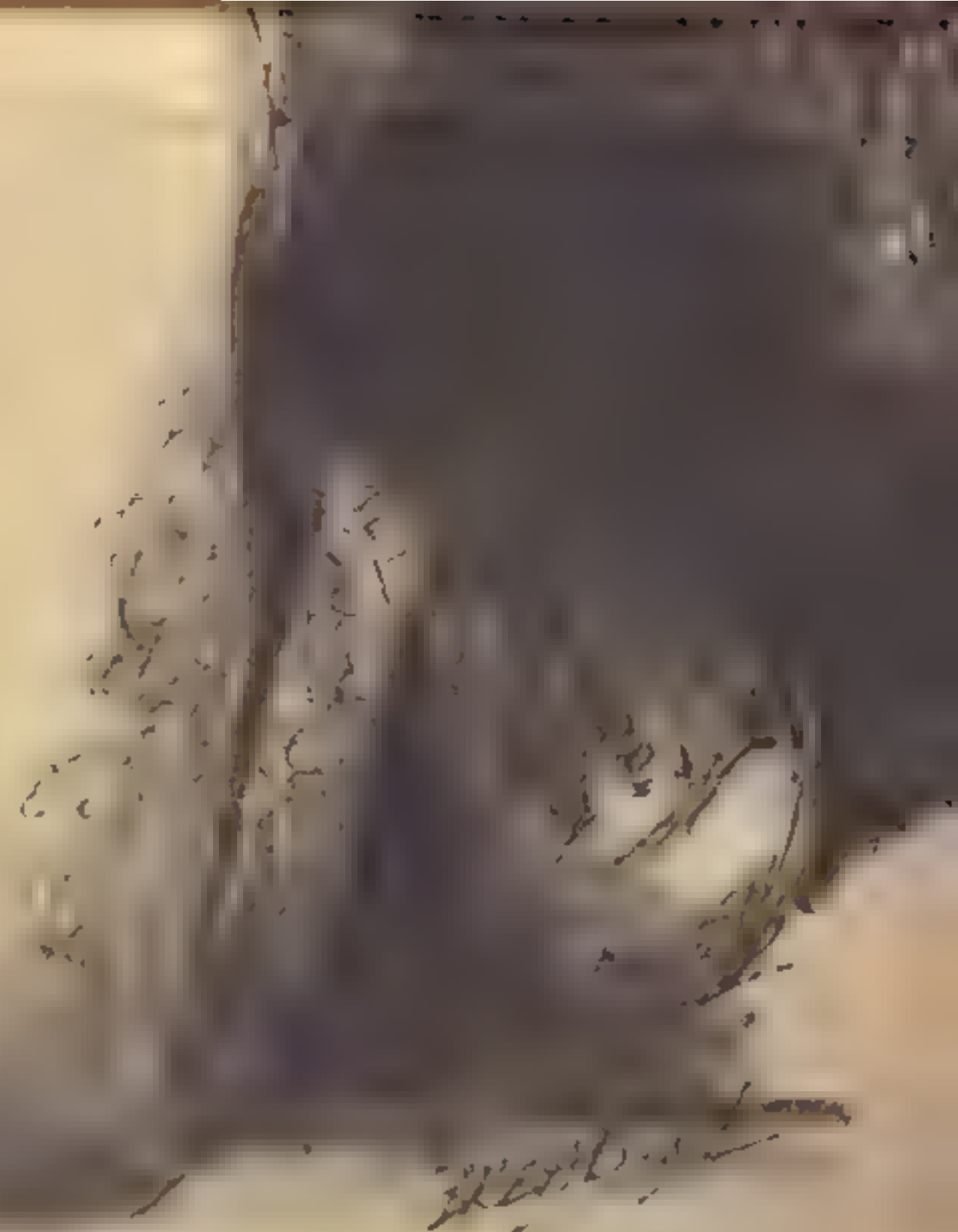
The few days that followed cemented these initial sensations. Though he was slow to accept me in the role, I found I wanted to soothe him, and serve him in many ways—wanted to hold and massage his lean, firm body, to see him in his leathers. I enjoyed the role of taking off his boots (especially his tall aromatic engineers) whenever he changed outfits. Got a rush one morning when he spread-eagled me to his bed, and stood on my chest in those elegant towering oil-tanned black beauties.

A bootmaker by trade, the cowboy had acquired over the years a huge collection of boots. Footgear of all

descriptions filled closets throughout the house and in the dark basement—cowboy styles, engineers, linemen and police types. He almost seemed to live for his boots and for the attention others might give them.

The night before I left, we shared a relaxed evening at the local spa, and I slowly disrobed him before we went to the pool—a subordinate rite, lingering long at easing off the engineers. Later that night, before retiring, I asked him to let me take them off again—nothing slow or ritualistic this time, just a simple gesture by one friend to another. He had hoped I would do that, he said, and seemed touched by the simple act. Off his long legs, the boots were warm, and smelled friendly.

We parted the next morning, and I fought my emotions. I wanted him soulfully—had invited him to live with me. But slave? Would any man in his right mind consent to such denigration in any permanent sense?



But then I mused upon several analogies—the way women self-effacingly slough off their name to take on their husband's the exchange of rings symbolizing mutual possession (the "ties that bind"). Idealistically speaking, don't all people in love give fully and freely of themselves to each other—in one way or another? In the ferment of my emotions, "slave" and "spouse" and "lover" became jumbled terms. Besides, I did crave bondage. Permanent bondage with a man I loved seemed less and less bizarre.

Commitment

I am now a boot slave—his boot slave. Much later, after months of sharing and evolving, I finally and apprehensively consented to that role, but only on one condition: The arrangement must be made irreversible—I would in fact be his prisoner, under his literal physical control at all times, unable to renege on the deal. Proud to the end, I knew I could not live a

In searing
pain, I moaned
and reflexive-
ly struggled
against the
ropes and gag.
He hugged me—
told me I now
wore his initials.

life of subordination, even to one I loved, if I had to humble myself daily, hourly, voluntarily—like a sniveling peon.

Instead, I chose to submit once, for good—dramatically, with dignity. I would surrender my body and gain a partner. In a solemn and private ceremony, performed at the remote mountain cabin we'd selected for my prison, the cowboy vowed to possess me totally but inflict no permanent physical damage, to love me, to sustain and comfort me in my bonded discomfort, and—to prevent escape. In turn, I vowed to accept him unconditionally as my keeper and bondmaster, to honor and cherish him—soul and body—to make his environment one of warmth and ease, and to forgive any occasional wanton cruelties on his part. I did not vow to obey him; he would have to restrain me to exact that constant behavior. Nor did I vow never to attempt escape; that would have made restraints superfluous, silly. I would be his boot slave, but only if he saw to the fact—carefully so.

Yes, we exchanged wedding bands, but not your usual adornments. After I knelt and kissed his tall, spurred cowboy boots, I fastened two light boot chains round each ankle—and

kissed them (not for the last time). The bootmaster then lifted from the floor a wide, heavy iron belt, which was connected to the back by a long chain leading to a ceiling beam. He gently but firmly clasped the cold band round my waist, closed it as snugly as possible on my muscular midriff, then aligned the six small holes where the two bars overlapped at the front. I was ready to be riveted into the belt. He reached for the hammer, and picked up the rivets—puny devices, I thought, to guarantee lifetime bondage—to irrevocably bind a relationship. Then he turned the gaze of his friendly water-blue eyes on me, and asked once more if I were truly prepared to become his unconditional possession. I said nothing, but knelt again and kissed his boots and boot chains. Whereupon he kept me to the floor by roughly propping one of his boots on my neck, his spur scraping my chest, as he hammered the rivets into the belt—quickly, solidly, with authority—like an expert blacksmith. The metallic sound was conclusively final, good to the ear. The cowboy's boot and sense of weight and power felt good on the neck. Done, he lifted his boot, knelt and inspected his work, then filed down the head of one rivet that protruded too much. Done again, he smiled broadly—almost devilishly—and helped me to my feet, my new belt chain clanking. He slapped my leathered ass hard, and wise-cracked, "Boot slave, how do you like it?" I liked it—especially the way he slapped my ass.

Later that night, after many drinks, he consummated our vows and ceremony, and confirmed my new status, in a way unanticipated by myself. First, he bound me firmly, hand, foot and torso, then blindfolded me. I heard him bunding a fire at the cabin's hearth. Minutes passed, and he plied me with more libations, and soothed me with touches. Then, suddenly, he gagged me tightly and without warning branded me on the shoulder. In searing pain, I moaned and reflexively struggled against the ropes and gag. He hugged me—reassured me—told me I now wore his initials. After a few moments, he released the gag, kissed me, held me, said he loved me, said I'd make a good boot slave, said he'd make a good bootmaster.

Seven Years

It's dawn at the cabin where our partnership was consummated some seven years ago, and here I am, still wearing that tight belly-belt. My leathered, iron-belted torso lies spread-eagled onto a large bed piled high with used boots—cowboy boots, engineer boots, logger boots, tall boots, short boots, clean and dusty boots, black, brown and tan boots—you name it. The rawhide securing my outstretched arms and booted feet is pulled tight, so those boot heels beneath my muscular frame made for uncomfortable sleeping during the night. But damn if the aroma ain't great, musky, smelly, oily, from all the guys who've molded the shitkickers. No real shit left on these "bed boots" though; the bootmaster likes his boot slave better than that.

Before he left last night, after our usual late intimacies, he prodded my nose with his own tall cowboy boots—let me bite the toes, taste the leather. Then he smiled his handsome, angular smile, took the boots off and rested their tops over my nose for better inhaling of that exciting, musky, sweaty odor. Then he tied them both round my neck, a cradle for the head. Thus, during this long night, of all the tough boots near me, under me, his I smelled and savored first and most. I thought of him, as the boot leather creaked when I strained to shift position slightly, tried to get more comfortable. He also left another "personal memento" for my sake—one of those boot chains I fastened to his ankle seven years ago, now adapted as a bit for my mouth, cinched tight and padlocked at the back of my head. All this, standard operating procedure by the bootmaster for his prisoner.

Any minute now, his lanky frame will amble through the door, his body fully leathered like mine, his legs and feet encased and swaggering in brawny footgear—probably tall cowboy types again, with clanking spurs. He'll saunter to my bed, and playfully roll the spurs over my chest before kissing my ear, then easing out my bit—his bit—kissing my lips, giving me

water. Sometimes, if unhurried and particularly affectionate, he'll hand-feed me breakfast, while leaving me spread. Then he'll massage my muscles, untie my hands and rub the wrists where the bonds have bitten pretty deeply, kiss the indentations, or bite them softly. When my hands are fully free, I'll hug him even before my legs are released—ask him never to let me go.

A damn stupid remark, that—considering the rivets, belt and long chain. I haven't left this comfortable cabin for nearly 3000 days now. Boot slave that I am, I spend my days servicing the broken-down brogans that come to the cowboy at his boot shop in town. Got all the necessary equipment here to re-sole, stitch and repair all the boots west of the Mississippi. More than anything, I do just cleaning up the fuckers—shining the dress types with pungent waxes, working to a mellow polish; oiling and waterproofing the work boots with earthier-smelling liquids, renewing them for more sweaty work by lusty guys. Nearly every day, the bootman throws a couple dozen new prizes my way, and every day I refurbish them. Occasionally I foul up, or get sulen and lazy, and get a whipping for recompense. But that's happened only six or seven times in all these years. I'm too damn good at my work—I like my work. And despite appearances, the cowboy's no sadist. He's both bootmaster and soul brother.

No sadist maybe, but damn if he don't crave heavy bondage—just like his prisoner. After breakfast, I'll pull on the boots he's picked out for me that day, then he typically clamps huge heavy shackles on each ankle—stops to admire the shackled result, rubs the leather, maybe smells and licks them a little, then yanks the connecting strand to keep me off balance, literally. Often, he'll continue by threading a heavy additional chain from one boot up through a hasp on the side of my iron belt, on up to my neck, which he'll encircle two times if he's feeling ordinary—three times if he's feeling horny—then down my chest through a hasp on the opposite side of the belt on down my leg to the second boot. He'll padlock the ends of the chain to both boot irons, of course, and then fastens the biggest padlock of all to the loops of neck chain—staring at me happily as he forcefully pushes in the shackle, leaving me a huge, ponderous pendant dangling down on my jacket. One whimsical day, he laughed as he chiselled my initials onto the padlock—B S.

On those spunky days when he loops that third ring round my neck, he'll usually add manacles for my hands too—or even handcuffs (ever try shining boots with cuffed hands?). Occasionally, he'll load down one or both ankles with 50-pound balls and chains, to slow my day down considerably. When he's finished, he always slaps my ass, tells me I'm looking good, tells me to work that good ass off during the day, or he'll find his dusty whip. Yep, the cowboy's a heavy metal man.

On those days when the morning dawns softly, when our breakfast talk has been especially warm or raunchy, when he's feeling really aggressive, macho and lusty, that's when he hauls out the "heaviest metal" of all—a massive iron head cage, complete with detachable metal bit-gag. He always kisses me slowly and meaningfully before he locks it, roughly, on my neck, then forces in the bit, and locks it too. The weight of the cage tortures on my already chained neck, and the bit-gag chafes my tongue and mouth cruelly. But this boot slave still manages to do his good day's work with the old dusty, dirty boots. Seems I'm happiest in that cage, really. Wearing it shows we're still soul brothers, the main man and me. Still exploring and developing.

On "light metal" days, the cowboy might leave me free except for the belt and ceiling chain. Or frequently he'll content himself with locking his boot chain bit back into my mouth, so that all day long I'll be grinding my teeth on my "wedding gift" to him, thinking of him and his smelly boots as I work at my bench. Give me long enough, and some fine year I just might bite the damn thing all the way through—either that, or wear my teeth down instead.

At the end of each day, I line up all the boots I've cleaned and

repaired for inspection, stand at attention and salute when the bootmaster makes his grand entrance, stomping heavily in his own brogans of the day. He struts and grins in his easy masculine way, gives a perfunctory look at my consistently good work, maybe facetiously complains about a blotch in the polish here or there, then comes close and wraps me in his creaking leather-jacketed chest—two leathermen enhancing each other—and asks how the day has gone. If I'm locked into a bit, out she comes so I can answer—and kiss him. Then comes lots of touching, and—usually—removal of any "heavy metal." Then supper.

After supper is my most relaxed time. If the cowboy's busy, I'm almost always left free to read, watch TV, listen to music. Often, we share the full evening together, sometimes in company with reliable friends selectively invited to our rustic retreat—small parties, really. I serve the beer and snacks, but

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more like a co-host who happens to wear an iron belt than like a slave. Sure, the cowboy sometimes trusses or chains me up for the benefit of the onlookers—maybe for hours—but even then he brags on me, shows me off, shows no disrespect. And he lets none other touch me—not ever.

My favorite times are poker nights. A gambling boot slave? Yes sir. The boss pays me a modest piece-rate for my labors, so I always have a little "boot money" put aside—mainly for gambling, but also for personal items such as replacing the levis he frequently knives through in order to get to my ready rump when he's really horny and in a hurry. Sometimes, when the cowboy's strapped for cash but obviously has a good hand, I urge him to raise the ante with my body—release me if I win. "No deal," he grunts. Other times, when my pot's gone, I try to raise the ante by promising my body to him sexually in some particular way. No deal there either, naturally. And he'll pull my belt chain to emphasize the point one more time.

There are bad times, too. The cabin has windows which afford serene views of the distant mountains. I miss the out-of-doors, and often get depressed for that reason, especially when



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Signature _____

(I am over 21 years of age)

my waist. Then he led me hobbling out of my cabin prison of seven years, moving slowly across the corral to an adjacent barn. There he escorted me down a long narrow stair, turned, made a proud masculine bow, waved a jacketed arm grandiloquently, and invited me to step through a cell door into a small dungeon.

The room was dimly illuminated by one small window near the high ceiling, and the floor was strewn with straw and dozens of old musty boots—"a fitting mattress for my favorite boot slave," commented the cowboy approvingly, sincerely. Moving with dispatch, he took the end of my shortened belt chain and spot-welded it to a large ring bolt in the floor. Visibly excited, he turned his gaze on my bound figure, massaged my pinioned arms, already sore, rubbed my rump and crotch softly, and told me he'd always wanted to bring me to this special place and keep me here. We'd already made bondage history together, but now we'd explore the outermost limits. He promised to maintain his vows of partnership, still keep me in good health, comfort me in my bonded discomfort.

I was able to say nothing. I was excited as well as terrified. Instinctively, I knelt and kissed his boots and boot chains. In response, he lifted me, tongued my ear, gagged me with his boot chain-bit, tied his old pair of tall engineers round my neck, closed and locked the massive solid iron door, and left.

I was horribly alone in a new, permanent home. The same leatherman who, long ago, refused to become a boot slave—his boot slave—had come a long way.

Though he never exactly announced it, it became clear after a week or so that the bootmaster not only intended to keep me forever chained to the floor of this new home, but rigidly restrained as well. My gloved hands stayed in their wide manacles, secured high at the back below my collar; my bit-gag stayed tightly in place, day and night. Sometimes he left my shackled legs otherwise "free" so that I could, with effort, stand and walk a few metallic paces around the ring bolt. Other times, the main man clapped rigid bar-irons on my boots, keeping my ankles constantly one foot apart, and preventing any movement except a labored crawl. Other times, he hogtied my leg irons to my hands and neck, the tightest position of all. No, I'd never escape—my friend had kept that portion of his seven-year old vows for certain. I had become a hopelessly immobilized black figure, always "resting" on the floor of boots, always smelling the good old leather—cinched fast and waiting for my soul brother.

He visited his boot slave twice a day, mornings and evenings. Appropriately enough, as an unvarying first act, he released my mouth bit so I could lick and smell his boots for long, sensuous intervals—intervals that often developed further, much further, and made this helpless slave all the more eager to hear the bootman's boots on those narrow stairs each half-day. Once every two or three days, he released my arms from their manacles for a half-hour or so—for some painful stretching, flexing, push-ups, and gentle massaging of my biceps. But then he'd lock them tight at my back again, sometimes fastening the connecting chain-links even higher to the collar than ever—reducing the "slack," as he'd say, chuckling. Food and water I managed to eat, or lap, from floor bowls positioned between his booted foot so he could watch from high above, maybe guiding my head with one of his boots. The ultimate progression to ultimate bondage.

Or so I then thought.

In every situation, there are—there must be—compensations. The cowboy always smiled when he entered my dungeon, bragged on my endurance, admired my bound physique and leathers, fondled me affectionately, rubbed my aching and still-powerful but now impotent muscles, applied salve to the sores developing from my permanent fetters, lingered with me often, propping his boots on my encumbered torso while shooting the shit about the day's events outside my dungeon world. And, as always, he not infrequently made love to me—returning favor for favor. I was the greatest, he said, and I believed him.

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One day this "ultimate bondage" reached its outermost limits. For reasons never explained, the bootmaster sent his new slave to feed me—a handsome young man, pleasant enough, but obviously one of those serfs who obey without compulsion (he dragged no iron). The peon could have abused me, and this vulnerability angered and disgusted me. I refused his food. When the cowboy next visited and released my bit, I cursed him for his betrayal of trust. In return, he instantly lashed my bound body with his wide belt, then punished me further by forcing a leather hood over my head—the type with detachable gag, air holes for the nose, but no eye openings. He laced and locked it so tight at the back it gave me an immediate headache. I'd wear it for a week, he promised harshly as he jerked on the laces. Though punished, I took satisfaction in that fact that his sniveling lackey came no more.

Chalk up one victory for this otherwise helpless boot slave,

He would now
complete the
envelopment,
and encase me
forever in
sensuous black
hide from head
to toe.

but one won at a very high price. For during my week of punishment, my erstwhile soul brother grew to like his boot slave in that somber, painfully tight black helmet. Apparently, my wearing it dehumanized me in his sight, made him feel more comfortable coming to my cell daily, seeing nothing but smooth glistening ebony from head to toe, my leather creaking, the chains clanking, but otherwise nothing but a quiet, robot-like object licking his boots or lapping water from the bowl between his legs. He had put me in hoods before, of course, but never in this conducive dark-world dungeon setting of ultimate bondage. Hooded, my eyes no longer connected with his, no longer softened him with love. The hood was a fateful catalyst for our final step in our long voyage together.

When the punishment week ended, he removed the hood as promised, applied eye-drops to my caked lids, held me somewhat tenderly by the shoulders as we sat on the floor. He smiled his incomparable smile, apologized for sending his new slave to feed me, and then added that he had bad news. In the leather hood, I turned him on—compulsively, obsessively—made him yearn for his morning and evening visits here, made him more

than ever want my tongue, reaching out from that mysterious black helmet, to service his dick daily, while he rubbed my smooth leathered head with his hands. Every night for the past week he'd tossed in his bed, nearly sleepless, consumed not only by these thoughts, but even more by the powerful and compelling idea of locking the hood on my head forever. I was already permanently enclosed in heavy leather from shackled neck to shackled boots. He would now complete the envelopment, and encase me forever in sensuous black hide from head to toe. And one thing more: To complete the metamorphosis from man to object, I was never to speak to him again, even when ungagged. He told me all this in a warm, friendly fashion, still holding me by the shoulder, and looking me straight in the eyes, wistfully. When done, he added softly, "Please forgive me."

A poignant picture—two buddies and lovers of long standing, both booted and garbed in sexy leathers, both in their physical prime, one full of life and in total command, asking his counterpart, bound or shackled hand, foot, waist and neck, for forgiveness. Not permission. Forgiveness. I searched his blue eyes for what I recognized would be the last time, fought my impulse to beg; also fought the impulse to forgive. I could not forgive. Nor could I hate—not even now. Instead, I shifted forward slightly from my seated position, my leather creaking and my neck chains making metallic sounds, and I brushed his neck lightly with my lips.

Dignity under duress? You bet your boots.

After my mute, ambiguous gesture, the cowboy's eyes momentarily mirrored a deep sadness. He stroked my hair fondly one more time, nuzzled my ear with his tongue one more time, fixed his watery blue eyes on mine one more time. The last thing I saw was the quickening glint of triumph in those blue eyes as he slowly and dramatically pulled the hood back down over my head—the final step. Then he laced it tighter than hell, padlocked it, bragged to me he'd lose the key, yanked my collar chain to the floor, kicked my bound ass hard, stood on me—and joyously proclaimed that I was the best damn boot slave ever—his perfect possession. Then he knelt by me, grabbed my crotch, opened my zipper, quickly helped me share the ecstasy of his triumphal moment. As he brought me to climax and maybe understanding, I felt him unloading his powerful driving force on my boots—my shackled boots. Spent, he then slowly hog-tied those shackled boots to my arms, put the gag into the hooded head of his slave, kicked me again, then clanged the cell door shut emphatically.

From that point forth, my world would be one not only of immobility but also darkness. Deprived of sight, speech and nearly all movement, I had, in essence, re-entered the womb. The only continuing sense remaining to me was that of smell through the small air holes which barely permitted me to breathe. In a short time, I learned to hone that precious skill to the point where I could, without difficulty, detect one pair of sweaty dungeon-floor boots from another. Even when my legs were hog-tied or otherwise heavily restrained (as they usually were, now that I was safely hooded and depersonalized), I managed to squirm around the dungeon a little, sniffing the boots, imagining how they felt to the touch, imagining how they'd look on the handsome guys who once wore them. I'd crawl as far as my belt chain permitted—that umbilical cord in this tomb and womb of darkness and constriction. A boot slave smelling boots on his narrow dungeon floor. Yes, this was ultimate bondage. A spectator viewing the scene from high above might well have imagined a smooth, dark, metallic-banded embryo, struggling spastically, worm-like, to find some elusive food within his uterine environment.

Can I long survive this tiny world of limitations? Can blind, mute and paralyzed men still live and love? When the bootmaster visits, I can still savor his resonant voice, still lick and lust after his aromatic boots, his leather chaps, his dick. Still get hard when he rams his member up my rump. Still relax to the many softnesses of his touches and massages. Does he still smile at me?

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WET DREAMS

by James Moore

September 21:

I'm at my sister's boyfriend's house. Her boyfriend has a huge cock. He wants to shame her. Won't let her touch it. Forces her to watch me suck his dick. He fills my mouth, fucks it roughly.





My sister watches with pained expression. Then he wants to fuck me. He laughs when it hurts. Things are no longer erotic. I escape, running slowly. The police arrest him. But even in the police car, he is very powerful. He tries to crush the chest of a policewoman. We have to drive very fast to get to the police station before she dies. He sneers at me as they take him to jail. I go back to his house, expecting to find my sister a bloodied corpse. But she is alive...

September 30:

I'm at a party with friends. Mostly gay, but there are also some rough hoodlum types. The hustlers are saying they'll go to bed with us for \$2.50, but they'll kill us, "slide that knife right in" for 50¢

I decide it's time to leave

October 3:

Nazis enter a trailer that I am hiding in with some friends. We sneak out as they're putting bombs in it. When they come out, we hide behind some Volkswagens. The head Nazi sees me, but a look in his eyes makes me think he won't tell. He seems to like me. I was wrong. The others march off and the trailer explodes into flame. He attaches me somehow by my tooth to his car and drives off. I'm hanging on. He takes me into the woods with three other Nazis to "do a heavy scene." I hope he will let me go afterwards, but I am terrified he is going to kill me. He keeps saying, "I'm a very mean guy." Suddenly members of the resistance appear and shoot arrows through the throats of the Nazis.

October 4:

I'm wearing a plaid shirt and hitchhiking. A man in a jeep stops to pick me up, asks me if I like to suck. We part and smoke a joint. Three old ladies sit nearby. The police come; so we throw bags of pot out the window and drive away. He doesn't seem upset to lose so much pot.

Now there's three of us. The driver is talking about age. He's young and age matters a lot to him. We get out of the car and find a dark corner to have sex in. The driver has his dick out, pushes my head down on it roughly. Nice dick, just the kind I like to suck. I suck him for a long time, but quietly. He pushes me away roughly to keep from coming. I start to suck the other one, but he's paranoid because we're so close to a house. The driver doesn't seem to be paranoid about anything.

October 5:

In a hospital. Some kind of fight is going on between a blond Japanese and a fat guy. I think it's very funny, like an Abbott and Costello movie. But finally I step in and talk to the Japanese guy. His honor has been hurt. I tell him that in America we sue for money. This does not strike him as being particularly satisfying, but he says he will consider it. Then he fucks me. Then we're all in bed and several women also. Very peaceful and ideal

November 9:

I'm with a group of guys exploring an old farm, stealing old David Carpenter books. One guy keeps flirting with me, wants me to fuck him. Then the dynamic changes and I'm sucking his big dick. He's tall and skinny.

November 10:

Racing in a big black car, 90 mph, with the police chasing us. We escape. Then get on peacock feather motorcycles and drive off. Wake up. It was a dream. I am in the back seat of a car. A straight man had the same dream. I am falling asleep on his shoulder. The dream seems to come true. We are smuggling something, but the people we are smuggling it to don't come to pick it up.

Meanwhile, one of our agents is being tortured. He jumps in the water to escape, but they have fed him pills that make him glow, so they can see and shoot him. They attack us, but we surprise them. Tie them up. I am playing with a straight man's ass. Make him suck me.

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Actually, he wants to...

November 11:

A man in a box, a hole cut out for his face and a hole cut out below. He asks me if I still like to suck big dicks. I say yes and he puts his dick through the hole below. It is huge. Funny, because he is so short. I get on it immediately. Then he comes out of the box and grabs me by the back of my hair and forces me down on his dick.

November 12:

Watching bodybuilders. First on TV, but then it's real. One little one drops his pants and shows his cock on TV. Then one with a HUGE caricature cock is revealed. They keep covering him up, but it's so big the covers fall off. He just grins. I get closer and closer. The bodybuilders know I am watching. They like it and are friendly to me.

November 15:

I meet two lovers walking down the street—Michael and Bart. Somehow I end up with Bart. Then we're in a car looking

I'm in jail in San Francisco. The cop who arrested me sits down beside me. He is utterly beautiful... he comes up behind me and presses his cock against my ass, mock-fucking me.

for Michael. He refuses to get in the car. "Is he angry?" I ask Bart. Bart sighs and nods yes. "Well, why don't I get out?" I say, knowing it's jealousy over me. Bart says no, wants to be with me. We begin to kiss, very gently, very romantic. I kneel before him reverently. He unzips his pants and pulls out his cock. I look at it a long time before beginning to kiss it. At first I suck very softly and moan. Then harder, beginning to growl with passion, going crazy on his dick.

November 17:

I'm at some kind of camp, but I don't like it. While exploring I find a house with a man and his little boy. The man is gay, but divorced. We sit on a blanket while the man rolls a joint. I feel very peaceful and welcome there. The man keeps talking about how crazy he is about sex, how he can never get enough.

Sometimes he was an old man, sometimes in his thirties, and other times in his early twenties. I thought we were going to have sex and was wondering if the little boy was going to be part of it.

Then a whole bunch of people showed up and were all sitting around making faggoty conversation about their last trip to Key West, the new bar that just opened, or how expensive something they had bought was. I felt rejected and alienated from it all. Then I noticed a path leading to the beach. The little boy and I left them to go play on the beach. We took off our clothes, rolled a ball back and forth, spashed in the water. The father got up from his friends to watch us, fondly I think. I call in sick to the

camp and they expel me. But I am welcome to stay with the man and his little boy, I think.

November 24:

In a 7-Eleven store, but can't get waited on so I leave. Now I can't find my car anywhere. I walk into a dark alley. There's a black man pissing. I stop to watch. He asks if I want to suck him. I say yes and he touches my lips with his cock. A second black man sees this and smiles knowingly.

Later, a long-haired boy asks me to come visit him. I say I will. They he asks if I like to suck dick. I say, "Uh-huh!" very enthusiastically. He lights up, says "All right!" while grabbing his crotch.

I must be dreaming about sex so much because I'm not getting any...

December 12:

Went to a friend's house and sucked him off in front of two women who were also having sex.

January 9:

My first boyfriend is out of prison. We embrace briefly. I take him into my room and lock the door, put him on the couch and kneel in front of him. Gaze worshipfully at his fat cock, suck it down. Soon I've got the whole thing in my mouth. I reach up to play with his tits, not sure if he will like that. He groans and pushes his meat into my mouth again.

January 13:

I'm in jail in San Francisco. The cop who arrested me sits down beside me. He is utterly beautiful. We talk. I want to ask him if I can call him when I get out. I say I'm sorry to be in jail, but I didn't think I did anything wrong. I don't think it's automatically wrong when you break the law. He asks me to call him when I get out. I'm excited. He's sitting very close to me on the sofa. When I tell him how attracted to him I am, he gets up and

says maybe he can get me out of going to jail. I feel a little guilty as if I'm using sex to manipulate him, but I'm not really.

I stand up at a table trying to fill out an application, but the words keep changing. Meanwhile, the cop is on the phone, apparently not having much luck in getting me released. Then he comes up behind me and presses his cock against my ass, mock-fucking me. I'm real uptight about doing this in front of so many people and pull away from him. I tell him I'm afraid that if I can't get out, word will get around in prison that I'm gay. He says he can't negate my sentence, but he can sneak me out a back door. He says my absence won't be noticed until tomorrow. We go to my place and pack my things.

"Where will I live now?" I ask

"At my place," he tells me

January 31:

I am in the back seat of a car with a friend. The two guys in the front start having sex. This gets my friend hot; and he starts humping me. At first I'm real turned-on, but then I notice a Metro bus behind us and people watching. My friend dominantly commands me to wiggle my ass, move it up and down over his hard crotch. He's going to fuck me, but we have our clothes on. I'll start to get into it and then get self-conscious again about the bus. I'm leaning over the car seat with his hard cock at my ass.

Then we're in my apartment. The other two guys are fucking in earnest, using my lubricant. Suddenly four winos appear demanding their bottle of wine back. I hand it to them; and they sniff it suspiciously, as if they think we were putting it up our asses. "Goddam faggots," one of them mutters. They really look down on us. I escort them out the door. One comes back in; but my friend throws him out. Then he takes off his pants and I notice he has a HUGE hard-on. I go down on him and he comes fast. At first I can't even get much of it in my mouth, he's so big. But I finally do. We lay in each other's arms.

Feels like home.

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Mr. Townsend, Sir:

I have this small problem. I'm a real Daddy's boy. As a youngster I always fantasized about older men and my father's friends, so I know it's my place. The problem is, whenever I meet a hot "Dad," I always end up Top. I'm 19 years, about 5'11", a pretty stocky build and I've been told I'm very handsome that I carry myself well for someone my age. According to *Drummer* articles I'm a blue collar man (auto painter), so I always earn something new from your great mag. I plan on going to Southern California this summer to look for work and to live, and hopefully find a tough, hard-ass, hairy Dad who knows his place on Top. Where do they hang out?

R.R., AZ

Dear R. R.,

Boy, you guys sure know how to ask the difficult questions! You can't get into a California bar until you're 21, but you probably wouldn't find your Daddy there, anyway... except that you might meet someone, who would introduce you to someone, etc. There are a number of leather clubs and bike clubs which have meetings, runs, etc., again with a 21 year age rule (all of them, to the best of my knowledge). So, now I've told you

where you can't go. Your best bet is probably to frequent places with lots of gay patrons, such as stores and restaurants in West Hollywood, Silverlake, etc. Try to make friends with some other young guys, first, and go from there. Once you get settled with a place to live, a job, and some routine to your life it becomes a matter of encountering the right guy. No one can tell you where you're apt to find him, or when. You merely increase the odds in your favor by meeting more people and cultivating more friendships.

Dear Larry,

You've answered travel questions for other guys, so I'd like to ask if you've ever heard of "The Heath" in London? Is it a bar, or a private club? If the latter, is it SM-leather, and how does a guy get recommended for membership? From the little I've heard, it sounds real hot!

Jake, Detroit

Dear Jake,

You must be referring to Hampstead Heath, which is neither a bar nor club. It is a large (800 acre) wooded park in northwest London. It has long been a very popular cruising ground, with all types, all sizes and shapes to be found. The action can get quite heavy from time to time, depending on who happens to meet whom. It is also somewhat dangerous, because the place is so big and so dark it is easy pickings for the local punks. Police patrols are a less potent threat, but you have to be on the lookout for them, as well. The biggest problem in getting to and from the Heath is the irritating English custom of shutting down all public transportation by midnight. Especially on a weekend night (the busiest, naturally) you really should rent a car unless you want to stay until the first trams start up in the morning. You'd also be well advised to look over the lay of the land in daylight, preferably with a native guide to show you which areas to frequent.

Dear Larry,

I just read an article in the August *Mandate* called "Macho Delusions," that says some pretty dumb things about *Drummer* and quotes you several times. The guy seems to be trying to put down leather and SM and everything to do with it, but at the same time he claims to be into the scene himself. In case you haven't seen this bullshit, I'm sending you my copy, torn out of their mag, because I'll never want to refer to it. I'd like to see your response, Sir, as I'm sure you could flush this guy away.

H. C., Baltimore

Dear H. C.,

I don't know that there is too much to flush away in this article. It reminds me a bit of something you might see in the

National Enquirer—big headlines promising a grand expose, but little of substance in the copy. The main point Rutledge seems to be making has to do with the elitist attitude on the part of many leatherguys. He claims it's become "that dreaded social phenomenon—a lifestyle." Then he wanders off on several other tangents, never explaining what's wrong with a lifestyle, and generally hedging each subsequent statement until the sharp edge is gone. There follows a series of half-baked references to self-righteousness, reincarnated Nazis, and out-of-context quotes from Luke Daniels, John Preston, Yours Truly, etc. I would try to answer this, but I couldn't find a thread of logic leading to any justifiable conclusion. The article does a good enough job of disproving itself that no one else needs to try. I think, as leatherguys, we have developed a certain sense of community; and because there have been so many new adherents over the past few years, many outsiders may perceive us as threatening. Why a guy who claims to be into leather should respond this way, I really don't know. Maybe he's as confused as his article.

Dear Larry,

Though Pat Califia and I have had our disagreements in the past, I agree totally with her letter in your column in *Drummer* 74. It has always been a mystery to me why some gay male SM bars will not admit a woman who by her appearance and demeanor shows her understanding of the SM scene, but will admit a disco boy in Lacoste shirt and Jordache jeans who is coming to the bar as if to view the inhabitants in a human zoo. Women such as Ms. Califia have more right to be in the Mineshaft and similar establishments than many of the guys there. I know I have more in common with an SM-minded woman than with a vanilla man. In SM, gender (like sexual preference or age) is of secondary importance. I think anyone who is seriously into SM would agree that SMers have found something incredible, something that enriches all aspects of life. Let not gay male SMers discriminate against people, men or women, who are into other phases of SM (straight, lesbian, etc.). We all can learn much from each other.

T.R.W., NJ

Dear T.R.,

Your point is well taken, but I'm sure it will stir up a male chauvinist or two. This is a subject on which we'll never achieve a consensus, but it's always interesting to savor the arguments pro and con.

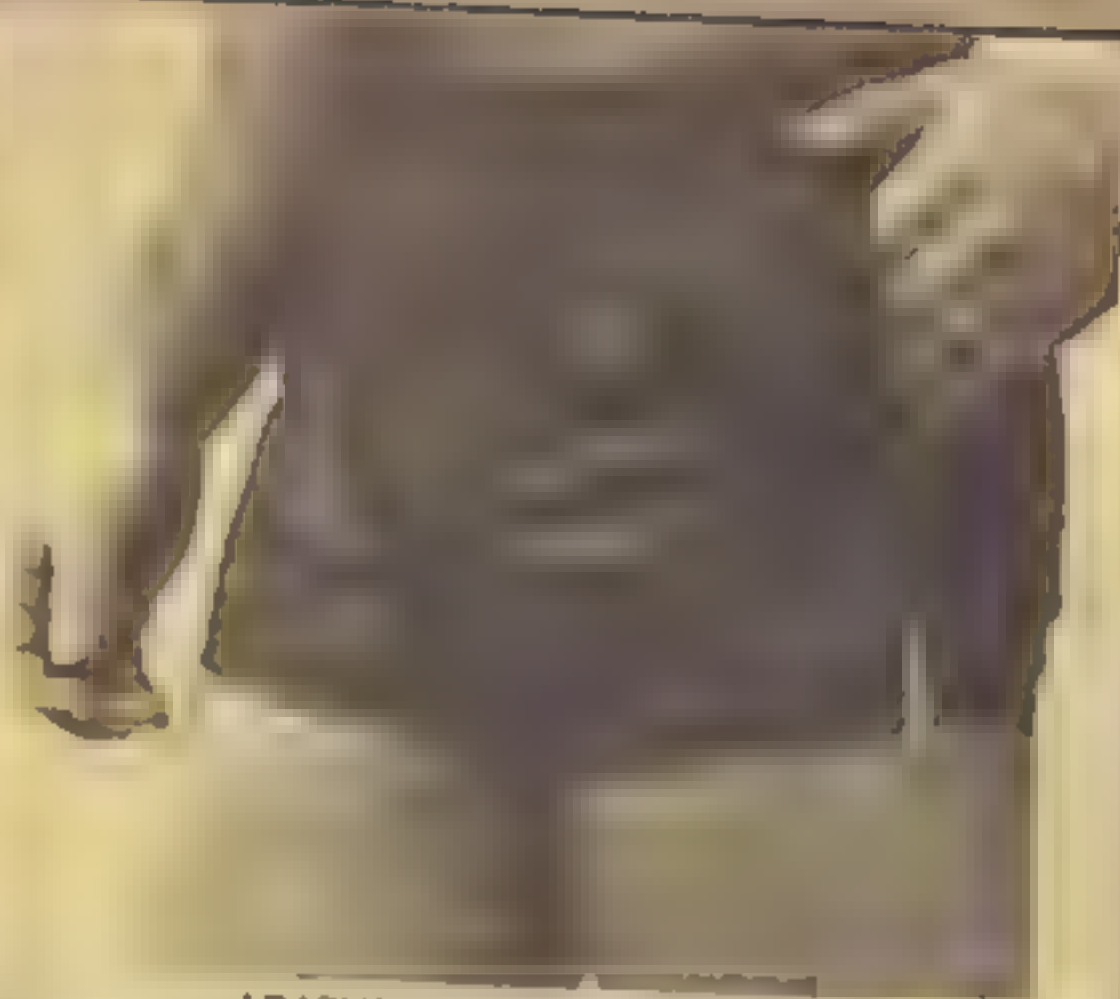
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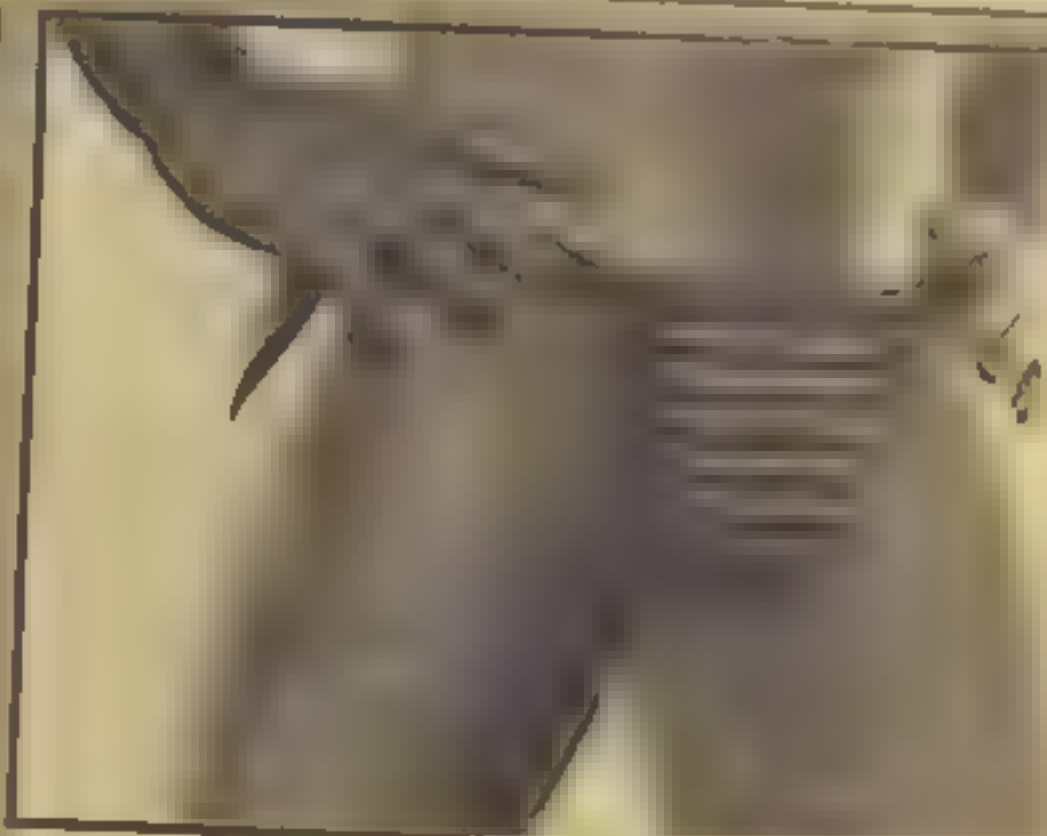
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Seek others to animal costume transformation scenes (gorilla, pig, bear, monster, etc). No beastially. Serious only. please Box 4171.

JOCKSTRAPS & RUBBERS

J.D. Break wants to correspond with other dudes into raunchy jocks, rubbers, military interrogations scenes. Steve. 220 9th St., No. D06, S.F., CA 94103.

PROSPECTIVE SLAVE

This 35 11" slim hairy slave into SM & BD & TT wants to give almost virgin ass into FF—Seek daddy leathermaster in 30's up with hairy chest hung please Sir teach me total mental body control in degradation/humiliation. I need to serve, respect, obey & worship a master. Awaiting your command Sir. Can travel USA. Box. 20648, Atlanta GA 30320.

TELEPHONE NUMBERS

DRUMMER and MANFEST will now accept verified telephone numbers in personal ads. Please add \$1 to the cost of the ad if a telephone number is included in the ad copy. If necessary, please indicate to us the best time(s) to verify the number. Commercial ads (Services, Models, Travel, Resorts, Employment, For Sale, etc.) may have telephone numbers included in their advertising provided that advertisers can provide a business card, letterhead or other printed material on which the phone number to be used appears. There will be no exceptions.

SLAVE WANTED

Two professional, caring, dominate GWM's mid 30's have position for obedient full-time slave. Application w/ photo gets reply. MS185 P.O.B. 50286 WASH D.C. 20004.

CLASSIFIED ADS ARE A BARGAIN!

WANTED-YOUNG MEN TO 35

For live in work at motel. Job involves night maintenance & learning desk duties. Must like dogs & know how to or be willing to learn how to give good massage (to owners only). Reply with photo & address & phone # if possible to Gary Seitz—3945 W. Houser Eloy AZ 85231.

WANT AN ENGLISH SLAVE?

Thank you Sir for reading this advert. My body, mind, and spirit need to be lamed and then used and abused as you wish. Am visiting States shortly and am willing to relocate and never return home. Telephone London (England) 01-737-5669 or write to Box 419.

ATTENTION SLAVES!

White Master, 30' 6'4", seeks house-slave properly disposed for permanent life of mental domination with leash shaving, buzzcuts, and servicing Master any time. No FF/scat. You will be mine. Submit application with photo Master B. Porter 8116 Buchla Rd. Angleton, TX 77515.

SLAVE SON 24-35

If you seek total subservient existence hard work, German Daddy master 37 will own your body and mind and provide permanent position for healthy dedicated, obedient boy. Apply with photo complete address, and phone to Sir, 156 Bradford St., Provincetown MA 02657. Must relocate.

BIG, HEAVY, HAIRY, TOPMAN NEEDED

Thirsty GWM 30, 6', 230 lbs wants large, hairy topman to service while you fallen this pig up. Box 3883.

I AM A SADIIST

am sane, sane and very experienced. Is your body worth my effort? Write w/ photo P. Bieome Box 148 NYC NY 10016.

QUEBEC CITY CANADA

WM 34 58" 160 lbs. 100% servitude. Friends in Central—U.S.A. and on the West Coast where I'll be in '84. Interested in SM, CBT, TT boots. BD ass-play. Mainly M looking for top friend. Also interested in contacts with same from N.E.—U.S.A. and Canada. Box 3984.

W-SLAVE WANTED

by W. Maslew, 36 LL Club Vice President. Slave must be into B&D Fr/AP Gr/P T&B torture, 100% servitude. Must relocate. Letter and photo to Box 752 Sandusky OH 44870.

GERMAN LEATHERBOY NEEDS FIST

Blond/Boyish, 31, 9½" Cock-uncut tight ass, slim body, needs fists by real Macho-Muscular-Types, (no S&M/no pain/no dirty). Travel USA/Sept 84—visitors in my SLING also welcome. Foto must—get mine P.O. Box 15709, NL—1001 NE Amsterdam Netherlands.

VIDEOPORNFREAK

With tastes that run from the bizarre to the downright disgusting wants to correspond and swap with other videopornfreaks, either formal with similar, or more extreme tastes, interested in rank-amateur homemade tapes and explicit correspondence. Write first Box 3963.

FIND DADDY HERE!

HOT HORNY WHITE MALE

Versatile Top or Bottom seeks other s into looking for a w/s running S&M more Am 29' 50 lb 5 ft 10" 100% hairy eyes bearded B dwel Box 7686 Atlanta GA 30357 0686.

PROMISCUOUS?

Healthy? Group? Looking for masculine multiple outlets & sexuality? Need makes of all interests to take part in Private Group. Must be clean & healthy & be able to locate in Houston—so self & equipment are readily accessible. Have facilities available if you desire and are accepted. If your discreet responsible and have some interest send confidential letter as to your preferences—active, passive, versatile training needs and experiences, for additional details. Only mature (over 30) any race, but no drugs or drunks. Learn, experience and expand together. Beginners welcomed Versatile W M—5-11—180W Box LF3329.



964 Folsom Street/San Francisco/CA/94107

CLASSIFIED ORDER FORM

Anyone corresponding with advertisers must comply with all local, state and federal laws. California law requires that anyone advertising a business or offering services for sale through the mail and using a post office box or mail drop service, must reveal in all advertising the address at which the business is being conducted. This address must be included in the ad copy. Advertisers are responsible for the accuracy of the information provided. Advertisers are also responsible for the accuracy of the information provided. Advertisers are also responsible for the accuracy of the information provided.

NAME: _____

ADDRESS: _____

CITY: _____

STATE: _____ ZIP: _____

SIGNATURE: _____

I am at least 21 years of age.

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I am using a telephone number in my ad. I understand that this number must be verified by DRUMMER. I have added \$1.00 _____ price for phone verification.

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- Phone verification (add \$1) _____
- DRUMMER box number (add \$1) _____

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THE LEATHER FRATERNITY

Is looking for men who are dedicated to a lifestyle that only leathermen experience and appreciate. Age, locale, nationality top, bottom, versatile not important. dedication to the special sights, sounds, smells and tastes of a leather lifestyle are. Benefits include Drummer Subscription, free classified ads, discounts on purchases and more! Send SASE for a confidential application to The Leather Fraternity 964 Folsom St., San Francisco, CA 94107

RECENTLY DIVORCED

Seeking buddies (1 or more) for mutual enjoyment in expanding my experience in fucking light S&M B&D WS, toys, dildoes, peapods, playdolls, & fantasy scenes. Not into scat, heavy pain. Reply with photo to Box 3797

VERBAL ABUSE

28 y.o. w/m 5'10" 155 lbs. wants trainees for l/t, c/bt and most important verbal abuse. You must crave someone to tell you exactly what to do, and then be able to do it exactly as told. Must be excellent cocksucker and G/P. as my 8 1/2" hot tool needs special attention. Box 3817

DADDY'S BOY

W/M 22, 5'8" 130 Brn/Grn Looking for big beer belly Daddys 35+ w/beards into cigars leather bondage boots uniforms, etc. Barry, P.O. Box 4244, S.F. CA 94101

PLEASE DADDY!

Whack my boy-butt! Paddle my athletic-ass! Apply Your Daddy-Dick to my whore-hole! Plow into me with Your Hard-Hands and Active-Arms. I want to take all this—and more! I need to take all this—and more! m 25, 5'5", 135 lbs. brn/grn athletic-muscular build. Looking for a Daddy or a big brother who is 30-40, bigger than me, muscular (football players a plus) who are horny, raunchy and SLEAZY! Your photo and letter get ME. Box LF5000

SAFE SEX

No fluid exchange sought by w/m 5'11" 150 blue brn, blonde moustache "cute" personable. Mutual masturbation, vanilla sex &/or c&b work, bondage and wrestling. Looking for boyfriends—not one-nighters. Ron P.O. Box 14413, S.F. CA 94114 LF4145

VERSATILE WRITER

Into SM and you name it, seeks man under 45 with good body. No JO phone-calls. 861-3183.

PHONE J/O

6', 165 lbs. W/M needs verbal abuse and hot J/O phone calls between 11 P.M.—6 A.M. only Dick. (415)626-1385

WM, 46, 6', 275 LBS., 7 1/4", UNCUT

Genuine, very exp. masochist seeks gentle exp. sadist for mutual satisfaction. Your power domination and pleasure are my pain, humiliation and submission. You set the limits and decide the scene. I am very exp. in heavy bondage and whipping. Piercing CBT TT, watersports, body worship, total service and want to continually expand my experiences. What this body may lack in muscular perfection will be more than made up for by what it can give in true sadomasochistic pleasure. Poss. perm. relationship Box 3875.

HOT LONELY BOTTOM

W/M ate 40 seeks gentle hot topman with hot rod. In only Ath Area. Box 3857

W/MASCULINE HEAVYSET TOPS

Age 35-50, wanted by W Masculine Bottom, 34, 6'1" 195, into T/T, CBT W/S+. Photo & phone gets immediate phone response. All letters answered. No feds. Box 3874

ARE YOU MY MASTER, MY LOVER AND MY SLAVE?

White male 40, 5'10" 165 lbs. bearded, into patient serious exploration of limits and mutual satisfaction. The accent is on mutually supportive deep masculine love and loyalty with the knowledge that this will be strengthened and enforced with punishment, whipping and pain when necessary. Are you man enough for a longterm, heavy duty commitment? Must be able to be a real top and bottom. Are you ready for true responsibility of owning my body and soul and the humility required to become my property? If yes, write with detailed letter and photo to: Gary Richards, Box 2011, Petaluma, CA 94953

ANIMAL

Likes to crawl through dense woods and bushes. Stalk him at jam him. Smooth only. Am W/m, 41, 170 lbs. hairy weightlifter. Box 447, 584 Castro St. S.F. CA 94114

SIGHTLESS

Oral servicings for lusty aggressive meal. Servant, 1800 Market, No. 118, San Francisco, CA 94102. Send no photo.

LOOKING FOR SUPER HUNG

Guys who are tops. I'm 28, 6'1" 170 lbs., good looking and into being a bottom with guys who like playing with toys, have small hands and big dicks. Reply with photo. Box 4175

W/M, 34, NOVICE

Seeks bearded Master into patient serious exploration of limits and mutual satisfaction. No one-itters. Prefer hirsute, baldish, anal/oriented. 38-55. Seek man whose life reflects and merits self respect and who gets off on sharing self. 863-9756

34 White Male, 160

Looking for correspondence and/or contact with men willing to expand my experience with C/B TT WS FF. Picture appreciated. 584 Castro #279 SF 94114

ME—NATURALLY MASCULINE MAN

32, 6' 215, serious weightlifter, hand some YDU—Naturally masculine attractive man with a good heart. No sissys, phoneys, free loaders. Photo please. Box 3886

W/M SON SEEKS W/M DAD

Son is 28, 153 lbs. 5'11" DAD is someone who knows how to take care of us both. Must be able to administer corrective punishment when necessary over the knee etc. I will obey your parental guidance. Send your guidance to David, Box 18891, San Jose, CA 95158

FAIRFIELD/CONCORD

Masc hairy 8 B, 29 yrs. old looking for same into dirt bikes, back packing and snow skiing & B B. Also like bondage CBT and out door scenes. Write to OGB 1647 Willow Pass Rd #40, Concord, CA 94520. No feds, feds or fakes. Photo if possible.

W/M, 37, 6', SLENDER

Good looking, bottom, seeks heavily muscled daddy 25-45. Into IL TT/ B/D. W/S. Let me worship your sweaty muscles. Use your muscles on me. Outdoor scenes? Ric, 1632 J, #3, Eureka, CA 95501

CONSTRUCTION WORKER

Construction worker type wanted for hard physical labor. Tough attitude and muscular build a must. You will be sensuously whipped, pumped, oiled, chained, and worked up till you freak. I'm into bikes, S/M BB CBT TT, and have brown hair/eyes 5'11" 170 lbs. 45 good bod, healthy, moustache. Send photo & letter with phone to Box LF5001

LOOKING FOR THE RIGHT PIECE?



At last—
a jigsaw puzzle
made with you in mind!

GAY PRIDE!

A Jigsaw puzzle **\$12**

Top quality, 500 pieces,
16" by 20" when completed. Makes a proud gift!

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960 FOLSOM SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94107

Send me **GAY PRIDE!** jigsaw puzzles (\$12 each).
(Add \$1 postage handling per puzzle; California residents add 6 1/2% sales tax.)

Enclosed is _____ in check or money order, or
Charge my ☐ VISA ☐ Mastercard

Card No. _____ Expires _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State/Zip _____

PIG
PIG
 (415)346-8747

HOT PIG HIT HOLE

Seeks log heavy mutub. FF with fun drugs. m hunky hairy 37 5 10" 150 with double-wide deep hole. Come on buddy let's feed our big sappy butts and punch each others lights out! Hot letter & photo to Box 4068

RANCH HAND WANTED

Hot, well-off, handsome man looking for a younger, muscular interest and aware man for ranch work. Room board salary and travel included. Picture and phone A MUST! Box 4089

HOUSEBOY/SLAVE

Willing to train the right 21-35 husky amenable man for complete service. All board room, spending money taken care of. You must be a hard worker and will be enrolled in a strict gym to make you a showpiece. You will serve men older than yourself. Strong discipline training. No phone-ies, no bullshit. (415)282-9603 evs. Call me Sir

2 HOT LEATHERMEN

Were 2 young guys (25.30) into hot action with other guys into leather S/M. B.D. scene. Hot tops or men who want to serve one man while being served by another. Write with photo & phone. PO Box 99688 SF CA 94109

IF HE'S NOT HERE HE'S NOT AVAILABLE!

MEDICAL

Take charge doctor wanted by young white male for advanced medical procedures involving catheters, enemas, infubation, B&D and submissive to other clinical procedures. Discreet on required. Occupant Box 883161 SF CA 94188

SAN FRANCISCO MASTER

33, seeks slaves for hot SM WS CBT and other kinky fun, the raunchier the better! Box 4135

SHAVES

Need/want a shave? Need/want your boy shaved? Box 4143

SF LEATHER SADIST

Leather motorcycle-riding devil needs demon slaves for full-leather crotch action. I'm tall, slim build 40s. Will put the leather-screw to your hooded-face tied with my leather straight-jacket. Privacy assured in the well-gear'd black room. SM bondage sanctum. V dec recording a poss billy. You are younger, no-nonsense, not-lal slave. Apply w/photo to Boxholder Box 99033 San Francisco, CA 94109

RECOMMENDED

By Master and lover to keep house spotless. Must be obedient 18-30 permanent position. Master 29 lover 25. That's all you need to know. Send respectful letter and photo Box 4141

SHIT IN AN ASS/LICKERS FACE

Name your price to let me watch. Box 4 56

CONTRA COSTA SKINHEAD

Muscular, W bodybuilder, 45, seeks muscular top into TT C&BT FF shaving, bondage. Hard bodies only. Photo or detailed description gets action. Box 4153

APPLICATIONS BEING ACCEPTED

by hot top 34 5 10" 150 lbs 30" waist, 40" chest, hung for a 30-35, goodlooking, mischievous slave who will submit to SM B&D WS exhibitionism and education. Slave will enjoy leather bodybuilding, and cigars as well as the arts and romance. Call for an appointment to present yourself for inspection (415) 526-1670.

BODYBUILDER

San Francisco male, discreet, intelligent, experienced in SM. Expert at balancing pleasure with pain. Safe (non-damaging) genital torture, restraints mechanical and electrical stimulation to deliberately stretch your limits. I don't just assume a dominant 'role'—I am sadistic dominant and no amateur. Roger (415) 864-5566

YOUNG TOP "10"

will train slave to be aggressive publicly and submissive privately. Photo and phone to: Scott, Box 511, Brisbane, CA 94005

HEALTHY MASTER

32 6 1", 180 lbs, macho, bearded, tattooed Chicano demands fresh punk slave to own. I will train you to suck my hung uncut prick daily like the dog you are. You will live to serve me. You must be 18 to 25, trim bod, passive, energetic, obedient, loyal, healthy animal. Your penis, brain irrelevant. Non-English speaking okay. As you need to say is "Yes, Sir." No JO calls 10am-10pm only Bay Area only. Master (415) 861-3717. Bad boys get sparked

HOT NOVICE

Guy 30, 5 10" 170 lbs, new on the block, hot hairy, defined body, mustache, hung, uncut, straight looks needs training. VA. discipline scenes from hot topmen. Into good bodies leather, uniforms, attitude light SM. Detailed replies with photo (photo if possible) get immediate response. BMM Box 2511 SF CA 94126

YOUR AD GETS RESULTS!

SHORT ASS PUNK FAG

needs foul-mouthed boss who wants entire body snuffed, licked and sucked uncut "big plus" Box 4154

HOT SLAVE WANTED

Tall, muscular, masculine, hairy chested slave wanted for total submission to short, slim master. Slave must have hairy muscular legs, responsive tits and be eager to submit to all clamps, ball stretchers, dildos, WS shaving, leather hoods, shackles, handcuffs, leather dog collar and dirty talk. Slave must be man enough to admit he has a hot pussy between his ass cheeks and want to be forced to wear women's garter belt and sheer black nylons. Spread your hot, masculine legs and take an ice cold w/henema deep inside your hot pussy. Only letter with photos enclosed will be considered. Box 4169

TESTICLE SLAPPING

55 yr old beauty grey hair great body 5'9" 150 lbs wants over who digs the tapping of sacs, ass padding. Affectionate, aware, higher consciousness. Lightly punching bare strap butts. Psychic Mediate (415) 863-0342

WANTED

Hot and Horn Latin men to sit on my face and serve their cocks. Hot Blonde-B Jeaye W M 5 10" 150 lbs Ca 6-12 PM (415)931 2181

WANTED

wants training. Am 31 W m, 5'9", 155 lbs hairy chested well built, 7 1/2" cul with big balls. Enjoy C&BT bondage good old fashioned sucking and heavy duty fucking as top or bottom. Seeks other well built and hung men to help me expand my limits. Write with photo and phone. Box 3114 Fairfield CA 94533

BLOND COCKSUCKER

Bodybuilder has spit and suction for men with good muscles and healthy minds. No dick too long. No muscles too sweaty. Box 1536



LEATHERMAN'S
 BATH
 CLUB

1314
 ROSALIE
 HOUSTON, TEXAS
 (713) 524-PIGS



CIGAR SMOKER?

29, handsome, hairy stash, 5'8" 155 into S M B/D J/O. safe sex raunchy fantasies. Will train novice. Respond with photo. P.O. Box 15068 suite 365 S.F. CA 94115

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

RUBBER/LEATHER

Buddy wanted by male. 25. Want's to meet other dudes into rubber/leather gear, hoods, and experience desires. Friendly p. B&D, both S&M. Let's talk David, San Diego-Los Angeles areas. Box 4160

YOUR FANTASIES BECOME REALITIES IN THE CLASSIFIEDS!

STUD OFFERS H S

Big Jock Cut Cock & Globes for C&B For. Lure. Box 5001 E. Monte. CA 91734

ASS BET NG'S

Goodlooking, little guy wants big guy to humiliate, restrain & beat long and hard! Reverse for right guy. Box 4155

SANTA BARBARA MASC BI BB

J/O exhibitionist, narcissist, seeks same, healthy, handsome 32, 6'1" brown hair, beard 45" chest, 31" waist 16" arms. B" cock, pierced teats, striking pils. Want man with straining 50+ bulge like mine. Must dig prolonged L t mate J/O, posing fantasy. Box 4152

UNCUT SEEKS OTHERS

30 W M seeks correspondence/contact with men into foreskin. Me beard hairy hung 8 1/2" good overhang. Into J/O, stretching WS, spit, cheese, dirty talk, aroma, grass. Box 4129

Wants to be humiliated and abused by phone, nights. Challenge and make me submit. (213) 876-0638

WANTED:

Healthy male slave, any race 21-35 must be willingly disposed to total service, in any and all means, without reason or question. This property will be personally owned by a Master demanding his slave's whole mind and body in a fully subservient existence dedicated to his Master and his life style. Send appropriate application humbly to Master Conrad, P.O. Box #938, 29 Palms, Calif 92277, include a complete mailing address and telephone number. BE READY TO RELOCATE IMMEDIATELY if acceptable.

LEATHER DISCIPLINE

Hot hndsm w/m 40 6'1" 190# Sad/slt.c. Experienced and widely respected seeks unfulfilled muscular masochists. OBJECT: Enlarging the S&M spectrum buy sat. styling mutual needs. Rawhide and steel will restrain your power while whips wax and weights stimulate your endurance. If you're ready to work up a sweat on your naked flesh and strain your muscles to reach new horizons, contact Frank Albright, Box 84085, San Diego, CA, 92138 or call 619-260-8196 (after 11 pm)

LEATHER ACTION

Leatherman, 6' 175 lbs, goodlooking seeks same for hot, healthy leather/uniform action, discipline. SM, outdoor bike scenes. Box 4148

42, topman looking for same to put me on bottom, to test me, to challenge me, show me what my ass is for, to show me I'm too pre-occupied with my cock to be my friend and celebrate and share my growth. Box 4164

PIERCED TATTOOED

LA TOP

Bea top to 150# w/m mjd 40's look pig 1. L L B&D T&K P&S D T&K G E&S O Ovin, bondage slave to shave. Must be willing to expand limits on piercings, tattoos C B/T/T W/S shaving and bondage. Am responsible but demanding. Exhibitionistic punks, ok. Photo/ phone replies answered first. Box 3741

HAVE RAZOR WILL TRAVEL

Hot, hung no-nonsense action stud accepting a few requests from assholes who know their level and want it shaved, disciplined into submission (will work on slaves with masters permission). Be into action SM. Submit photo with requests, also accepting application for assistant. Box 4, 50

THERE ARE NO LEATHER BARS IN MISSION VIEJO

Slave/prisoner looking for Master(s)/guard(s) Me: WM-34-6-170-Lite brd Tan FA, GP B&D, verbal abuse ball & tit tort, WS travel LA-SD You: -6' white, dominate, under 45, healthy good shape. Photo & phone to: Box 2142 Mission Viejo, CA 92690-0142

FIND DADDY HERE!

LOOKING FOR EXPERIENCED TOP MAN

Must have nice body not hairy no beard. Prefer no moustache should be into all clean scenes maybe with wet equipped playroom. I am 42 6'3", 180 with piercings and many tattoos. Experienced in some scenes, novice in others. Some limits. Disease conscious. Is there a doctor into piercing? Please call Mon-Fri 9pm to midnight. Ask for Ron, and be discreet. Leave number and time to call if not home. (213) 254-3038

BIG FAT PIG

Los Angeles. Pretty-faced hog—30, 6'4", 300+ lbs. seeks masters who know how to use a fat-assed, jello-bellied s ave with huge tits and ham-hock thighs. Not much experience but ALL scenes considered. So if you're into girth, come to L A and humiliate this handsome-faced, overgrown pig. Write Box 3179

LOW BLOWS OK

Goodlooking tall tough young proud fuck gets off on hard contact. Gives-/takes no mercy workouts w/ fists, knees. Street fight, interrogation. Two or one ok. Fantasy J/O ok. Send physical description on or pic, and phone. Describe scene. Box 3904

38, W/M MASC. SEEKS

Mature, assertive men for good hot sex. Call til 3 AM (202) 547 9273

SAN DIEGO

Top, 6'3" 195 bs. 42, complete game room, tubs chains, rim chairs stocks, sing, ropes, clamps collars cross, cuffs, hoist harness, hoods, movies, dildoes, gags leather boots, urinal s video whips, weights, mirrors, wax vacuum colonic Bil (619) 420-8967

LOVE, PAIN MASTER WANTED

It's a Thin Line Between Love & Pain. If you're a really good looking trim, healthy master whose tough but sane and who'd like to have a nice kg hairy chested 35 year old bright guy to train and then look no further than between these thin lines. If you enjoy verbal giving spankings, tying up your lover & other acts of the sublime. If you've always sought an out of the ordinary relationship but couldn't find a like mind for a lifetime and the right body to climb on top of... then hopefully this is and you are all of the above. Send photo and letter to Box 4111

Seeing Is Believing Slave & Master Video presents

SLICE OF LIFE. Lashed with barbed wire to a bed of machetes, Bauser submits to one of the most grueling punishments ever inflicted. Hot wax and electric shocks are but a prelude to a beating that leaves him red from head to toe. Another incredible SM encounter captured live on video.

ONE STEP BEYOND. Snip is the center of attention, suspended by chains over a bathtub, his scrotum squeezed into a studded strap. He's pissed on repeatedly and his balls stretched so tightly that he pisses on himself. And that's just the beginning.

All tapes produced by Inter-Vision Video, directed by Dave Nesor. \$85 each, plus \$3 shipping per order. To order, send m.o., cashier's check or VISA or MasterCard number (with expiration date), plus a statement that you are over 21. Please indicate whether you want VHS or Beta format. For a free brochure, write, stating that you are over 21, to:

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Send me _____ copies of *Foreskin* at \$15.95 each
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Into Bondage Sweat Shaves, Leather
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MAN who can get into heavy serious
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Blvd. Beverly Hills Ca 90211.

WANTED
Want a Daddy? I mean a real Daddy. A
Daddy with lots of love in his heart and
a big bug in his crotch, and a just for
you! A Daddy who won't abuse you, but
still a Daddy who'll show you the ropes
and then use them on you as he makes
you his slave/boy and takes you as his
son DADDY W M young-looking 45,
145 lbs, 5'8" moustache, all his hair
dominant, and butt-fucking topman
BOY Quiet, trim, young smooth-faced
boyish, totally-obedient, thoroughly-
submissive affectionate, loving, and
completely bottom. Any nationality of
boy and beginner OK. Short, slim small
boy welcome. So is tall and skinny or
wellbuilt. Size not important, but Boy's
desire to really be Daddy's Boy is. Boy's
photo get Daddy's photo and Daddy's
phone number Box 3862

LONG BEACH, ORANGE COUNTY
Masculine, white man 45, 5'9" 155#
seeks same to 45 as FF bottom. Must
have good head and body. Reply with
photo and phone to Box 3860. Skiers
welcome.

AFFECTIONATE BOTTOM
G/W/M 23, 5'10" 150 lbs short brown
hair moustache. Seeks hot dommate,
X hung, hairy, Leather/Cowboy-
Masters/Daddies, who need service
and cuddling. I am G-P FAC (Deep
Throat) will try most scenes, Clean
Healthy! (619)231-4496

HUNG UNCUT DOG
6' 180, strong-legged specimen, hand-
some and eager, offers mouth, ass
C&B for punishment and mutual plea-
sure. Dog's mouth/ass eager cunt, urinal.
Seeks cock-centered, natural,
dominant, preferably shorter white
latin, black Polaroids groups, dog-
food ok. Animals possible G M P D
Box 26081 L.A., CA 90026. Swap pix

WANTED L.A.
Two uncut, hairy Daddies w/donkey
dicks and low-hangers to force-feed 27
year-old stud. Need VA, WS, juicy bull
meat, sweaty balls. Call anytime
213-656-9813

DENTURES LICKED
Oral service for uniformed sadists on y
CHP/LAPD pref. 818-913-3819.

WANTED TOP
For bondage and w sports ses-
sions W M 48 6'0" 220 into SM FF
shaving, Ball and Tit play etc. Have
playroom and toys. Tel (213) 223-9346

UNINHIBITED MASTER
Sought by goodlooking in-shape
leather slave, 37 5'6" 130 lbs for obe-
dience training, B&D, TT humiliation
and more. Can travel Box 4139

RECRUITING WANTED
wanted by older experienced leather-
man with well equipped training room
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sique, college and career help. You
must be 20-30, serious, have good
slave potential and high goals. Rod
433-9587 Write Box 18876
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SM BIKE
Leatherman wants leather bottom/s-
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respected. This experienced leather
Master wants you to perform on
demand. Send me your application and
photo, including your willingness to be
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Seek someone to share interests in
B&D, TT CBT. Flexible top or bottom.
No FF or WS. A Box 2001, North
Haven, CT 06473

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WESLEY SUE
Demanding 48 5'11", 145 G W Virgo
Male seeks obedient thin bottoms (16-
32) at my cc locat on. Reply w/ photo &
resume to WHB P.O. Box 251 Wilm-
ington DE 19899

SLAVE AVAILABLE
Looking for Master for training. Needs
to be disciplined, into bondage and SM.
Confidently must be assured. Write
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Lnruly military type W/M 5'11 37 180
lbs. B' cul responds only to very expe-
rienced handling. Chained by the balls,
worked by the strap and prod until you
get what you want, service from a
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BOTTOM WANTED- SHAVING
Me 5'11 170 lbs. 45 years old. You
into B&D ass work dildoes. Telling
being shaved. Box 4145

BODYBUILDER
DC area WM 39 5'11" 45c 31w
Masculine, together. Can travel. A
Seek same. Whatever you want. Box
JW Box 55029 Ft Wash M 20144

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Sweaty uncut hairy men preferred. Cal.
Gal. 1-904-496-2070

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Seeks slaveboy son, or houseboy
Daddy 48, 5'10", 180 lbs. hairy hung
big str ct lov ng Son boyish smooth
uncut, obedient ready for love com-
mitment Box 4140

GEORGIA

ATLANTA SLAVE

29 needs m la expanded by demand-
ing master or group Very versatile
Write Bobby All answered Box 4080

BLACK SCAT TOPS

wanted by C eek pass ve w le b m m
26 g ve l u k y re a f r e c i o a n d g e l
gangbarged w th rubbers by rough
trade ex-cons. Latins dirty blueco ar
Free beer for eager Golden Shower giv-
ers No JO phone calls! Call White
Pussy (David) Atlanta (404) 876-2251

HOT MAN

W/m 34, 6' 185 lbs. totany mascul ne
and athletic, seeks slim or wel-
musclcd mascul ne w/m only who w ll
releasin me and fuck my face Letter
with your nterests to MSI Box 8375
Atlanta, GA 30306 Discrel on as d

ATLANTA 2 GWM'S

28 and 35 nto eather SM B&D T7 WS
and more A l replied answered Photo
appreciated. Truckers welcome Box
4142

W M, 37 & 41, 180 LBS, BB

43" chest, 32" waist, red hair beard
seeks very muscular Gr Act man My
place only Traveling? NE GA? Your
letter, photo, info gets mine. Masc.
strong, sincere please Roy 124 Mul-
berry St. Athens, GA 30601

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talk dirty or come over and sit on my
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clea v m Roy a s s h l e r e u v e
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l o n g h t w i p p i n g a r t a p p n g d a s
culine Latinos, ethic types okay
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ATLANTA

S/M age 30 seeks men into leather and
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tom single or group Let's make fanta-
sies into rea ty Your photo gets mine
Box 4078

EXTRA HUNG

BROOKS BROS. TYPE

Change quick to very demanding ba l &
nipple torture Top freak I am 32 170
lbs 10" cock cul & hairy Am interested
only in men like WS/FF/piercing and
total shaving of crotches Interested in
men with Silicon d cks. Photo gets
mine Box 4074

HOT TOP

25 y/o 8' 155 lbs., 8" br/bl lean hard &
defined looking for bottoms nto
spank ng d ldoes B/D JO light S&M.
etc. Send letter w th photo to D. John-
son 975 W Peachtree St NE, #9A.
Atlanta Georgia 30309

ILLINOIS

YOUNG STUD WANTED

GWM 5'11", 185, brown hair mustache
seeks stud who enjoys having cock
balls, ass, and boots licked Send
photo, phone, I will grovel Box 4073

CHICAGO AREA DADDY

W/M 40 plus, 6', 170, gding wants to
tie, gag suck & fuck cute som W M
21 40. Send phone number, photo Box
4075

NEW GUY ON THE BLOCK

23 year old novice, moving to Chicago
in June, and is just breaking into
leather scene, seeks contact with Chi-
cago leathermen (28-32) for an intro-
duction into the lifestyle Show me how
you became leathermen Box 4064

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Small Southern Illinois farm Must be
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skills be able to take orders, relocate
immediately Only stable, honest per-
son wants rural lifestyle will be con-
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60657

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Chicago Master 42 6'3" 190# with well
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submissive slaves or bottoms for Obe-
dience training bondage humiliation
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etc. A l m ts respected No vces
accepted, race no problem, will be
Drummer Dad to deserving studs. All
replies answered Send photo if possi-
ble Box 2630 Chicago IL 60690

HORNY LEVI/LEATHER TOP

Aggressive GWM 6' 185 lbs. 34" waist
brown hair & eyes, short beard and
moustache, looking for bottoms/s-
laves into hot sweaty times. Fucking
sucking FF, WS, bondage etc Reply
w th photo Box A3810, Chicago, IL
60690

DOMINANT DADDY

37 190 lbs with gut 6' 7 1/2" wants very
submissive slave, 22-35, heavily into
infantilism Daddy's little boy enjoys
piss, pacifier, dirty diapers, being fed
enemas, dildoes, titwork, and pain
Toddler can expect potty supervision
and complete control Obedience and
worship bring cuddling, disobedience
and disrespect bring prompt, severe
punishment Object total domination
and correct development Northern ill
area Serious only Box 4146

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I want a big man. I'm heavy into a big
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Andrea, Woodridge, IL 60517 (312) 985-
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one of Chicago's best slave throats
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incredible cock I have a proven record
of satisfaction. Box 3892

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G W M—35, to correspond with other
exh bit on sts. To exchange fotos &
experience of public hot action & nud-
ity esp at Mardi Gras & rock concerts.
Write Messina, Box 10499 Chicago, IL
60610-0499

RECRUITING

Wants brown and yellow bottom—red
hanky bottom—Send info & photo Jay
P O Box 8032 Chicago, IL 60614

INDIANA

TRUCKERS WELCOME

Chicago area cock sucker W/m, 26, 6'
175 lbs., goodlooking, bl/bl, moust-
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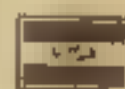
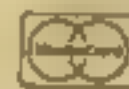


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Whorestrapper, novice bottom seeks experienced help in ball training-pit exploring 5'8" 143# 41yo 8 1/2" Please Sir convert my leather fantasies into sweaty reality. Box 3855

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2 EXTRA WELL HUNG TOPS

Seek young butch bottom for hot bondage-S/M sessions. Any scene. Have equipped playroom. Description-experience-photo. Weekend sessions good. Live-in apps considered. P.O. Box 3831 Springfield MO 65808

ST. LOUIS AREA

Older guy "dad" type experienced youth leader interested in young masculine, trim "son" trainee to 30. You can expect affection, encouragement and discipline in bondage. Your letter with picture gets in. Box 3872

MONTANA

LEAN, WELL DEFINED SLAVE

Seeks trim sadist into light to heavy S/M bondage, ampis, 11s cock & ball torture, shaving, photography. Your trip, your way. Am 28 5'9" 135# w/8". Send photo, phone, letter to P.O. Box 788 Conrad, MT 59425

REAL MEN WANTED

W/m, 22, athletic, goodlooking and virginal ass needs introduced to the all-male world. Gets off on muscular hairy men.

Would love long oral session. Prefer Eastern Montana or vicinity. Box 4162

NEW JERSEY

TEANECK AREA

Healthy W/m, smooth, 6' 172 lbs., 42 masculine seeks similar honest partner. Top/bottom trade offs, light SM, bondage possible. No drugs or feds. Box 4138

TALL, MATURE MASTER

Accepting applications from slave sons who are anxious to serve and obey. Hot mouth and a good build a must. Clean shaven, Ivy types preferred. Generous Daddy will reward with affection when earned. Spankings, 11work, kink, VA. No lats, feds, hard drugs. Possible live-in. All areas welcome. The Master is 6'2" 185 lbs. W/M and hot. Box 3656

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To serve two masters in early 30's. You will serve masters needs and home. Willing to train. Rewards/Salary with service. Call 201 241 0655

TORTURE CAPTIVES WANTED

Experienced sadist seeks young (18-30) captives to chain up and torture. Limits respected but expanded. Man enough? Call (201) 874-6725 after 8:00 p.m. EDT

NEVADA

SLAVE WANTED IN RENO

For leather action, SM, CBT, B&D more. I'm hung, trim, 33 GWM. You're similar but submissive and obedient. You want frequent attention or a permanent Master. Live-in or nearby required. LF4015, Write. Box 20835 Reno NV 89515

MASTER NEEDS SLAVE

A number of slaves have written but no slave has been chosen yet, so now is

the time to submit yourself, your body and your application to this Master. Master is W/M, 45, 190#, 6'2", hairy straight acting and appearing no nonsense type, but understanding of a slaves needs. You are W/M 25-40, know how to behave, want to serve a Master on a permanent one to one basis, have a good body that enjoys a work-up and want to live in the Master's house in the country. No drugs, feds or lats. This is the time for me and if it is for you then get off your ass, get on your knees and do something about it. Write. Box 291

TOTAL LEATHER BONDAGE

W/m 40, 5'10", 168 lbs. Looking for Master who is into prolonged bondage with masks, hoods, strait-jackets, total leather encasement etc. Into long scenes or permanent bondage lifestyle. Box 4118

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WANTED

Dominant New Wave punk (21-25) to fuck with my head. (212) WUX 4707

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Masculine, bearded master 33 6' 160 lbs., with hot dungeon and thick cock will restrain you and explore your limits if you're hot, trim and under 35. Reply with photo and phone # J. Miller P.O. Box 3086, Kingston NY 12401 LF4092

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His big manass onto my ass eating face? Like healing up this daddys (56, 6', 190#-resembles Lloyd Bridges) cocksucking mouth with your beerpiss before he sucks you off? A removable denture assures a velvet BJ. I'm hot for nippleplay, will pig out on your pits, crotch, balls, feet, service you you and

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Enjoys wrestling with his well built boy either in fun or to punish him for disobedience. Slapping, 11s, feet, humiliation a part of it. Hot if son occasionally beats the big man. Let's hear from you boy! P.O. Box 655 NY NY 10163

HOT HAIRY PISSHOLE

30, wants intense humiliation from arrogant rail men who spit/slap on fags. Box 4172

WESTERN NEW YORK

Male lovers 41 & 25, in good shape, looking for trim playmates & friends. We have a variety of interests and can be versatile. Photo please. Write Ron Elliott Station Box 825, Buffalo, NY 14203

SLEAZY & SMELLY

W/m, 32, 5'11", 160 lbs., seeks kinky male with smelly body, raunchy armpits, very dirty underwear (never enough) cheesy hose. Let me smell! let me lick! Sleazy, WS, leather uniforms, humiliation, verbal abuse okay. No heavy SM, no scat, uncw! a plus muscies a must, telephone no. for a very good time. Box 4143

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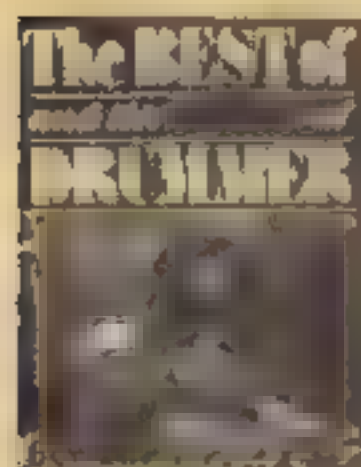
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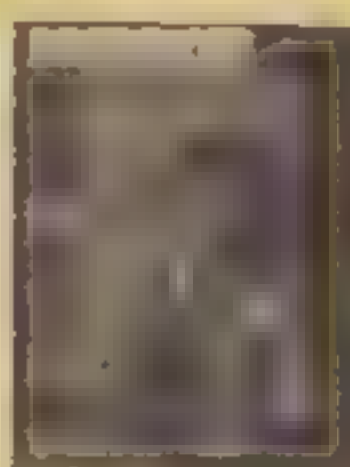
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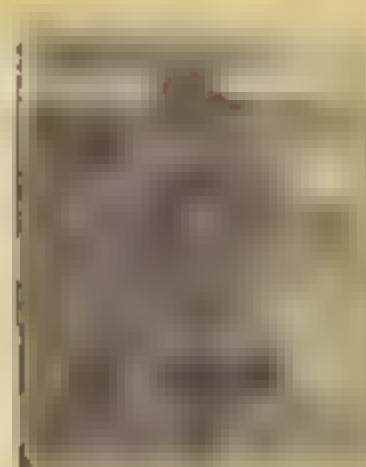
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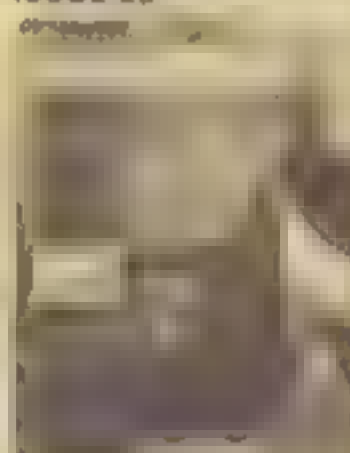
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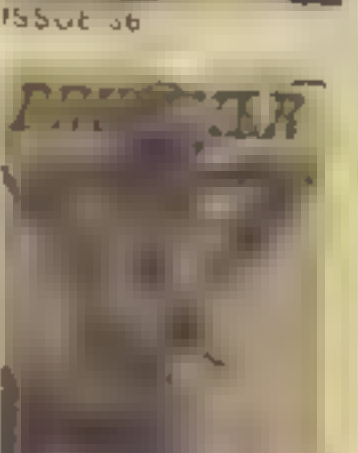
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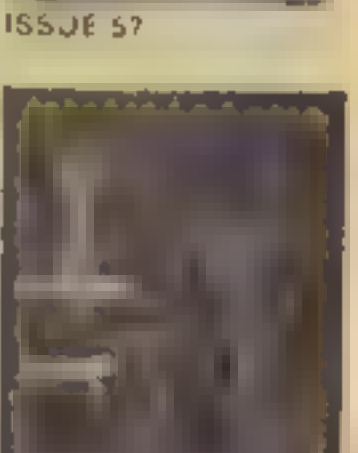
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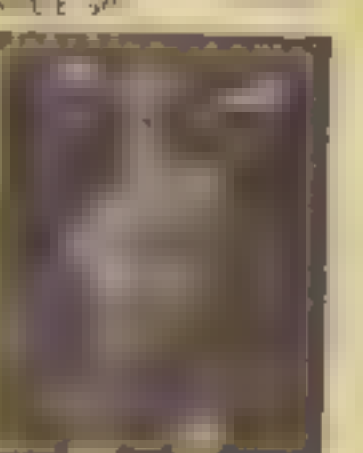
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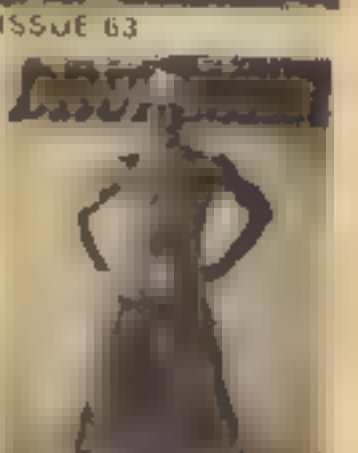
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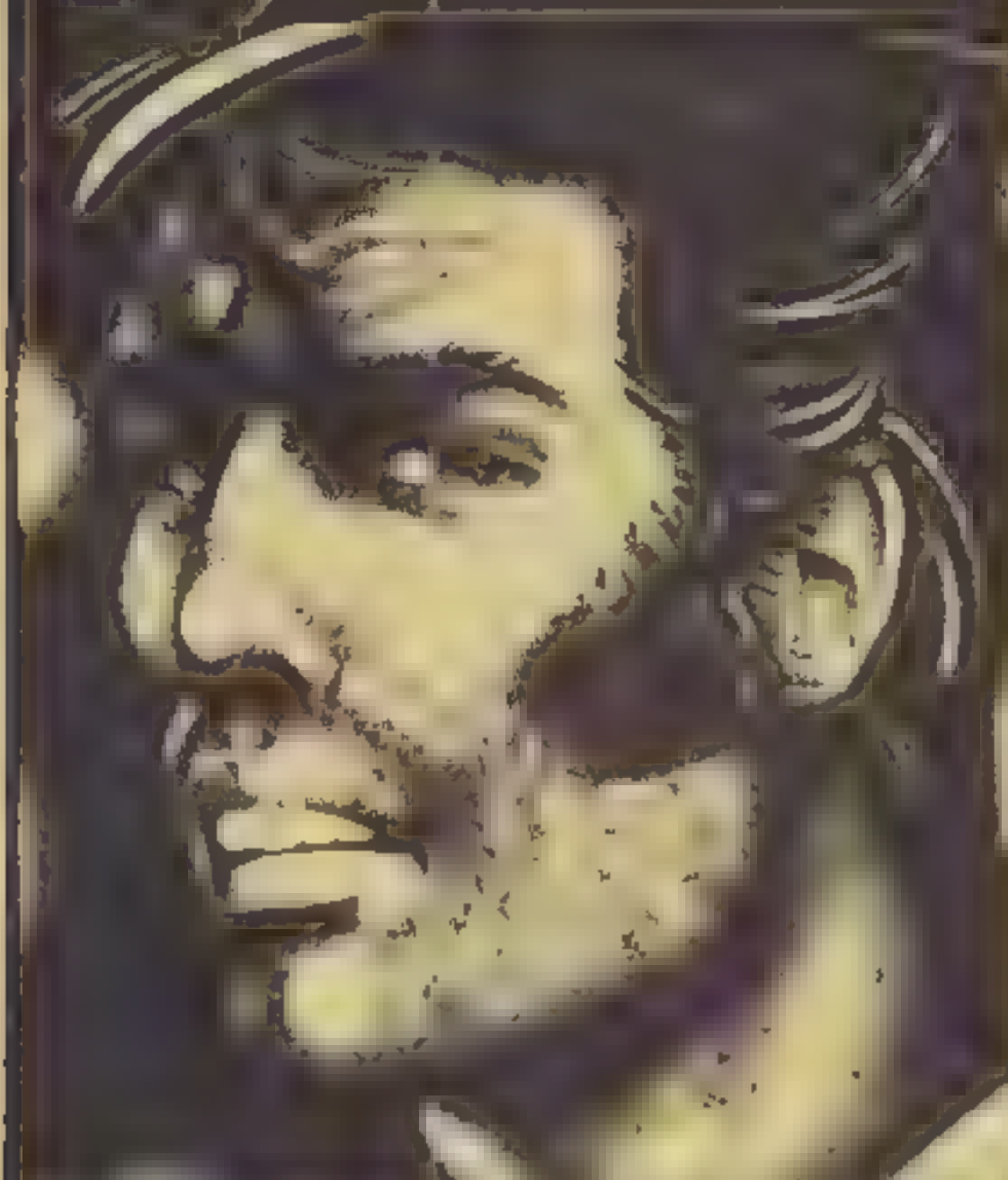
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GWM 28, 5'10", 160 lbs., seeks monog
sex partner for heavy raunch scenes
WS, enemas, toilet training, etc. I am
healthy and want to stay that way. Dur
ing this crisis, having a monog sex
partner seem the only way to eat a
juicy ass and stay healthy. Any GWM
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10156

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for heavy training. Brig discipline. On y
good bodies/BB need apply. Serious
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GBT, TT, all basis SM well hung, ta
slender 40s moustache weekend ser
vice between Syracuse NYC Box 4157

NYC TIMBER

Is there a Drummer out there (over 6
under 230 lbs) who has learned to
prefer to cudge and kiss? Box 4165

BELTMASTER

Handsome novice M 34 5'7" 140 lbs.
seeking education in receiving belt and
bare hand. Muscles and beard a plus
expertise and guiding hand more
important. Also FF shaving and good
hot sex. Letters with photo answered
first. Box 4163

GWM, 27 BLOND BOYISH

6'4" big cock, deep ass serves as sex
lave for anything-clean/dirty for W
master in boots leather with full
bladder/dirty ass giving pain plea
sure. I adore rubber/leather lick ng
dirty boots (your shit?) to a shine
TT/SM/B&D/FF/toys Box 3870

FIT TO BE TIED

Rugged muscular hung but submissive
biker 36, needs expert level-headed
Top (white cut only) for heavy bon
dage workouts. Strip, immobilize &
manhandle this 5'7" 155# brown-haired
BB, whip my round white butt till it
glows & fuck it, dominate this hot Bot
tom with ropes, rack, paddle, wax
C&B/T. You or friends can rea ze any
fantasy of sexual abuse on your cap
tive's helpless bod. Macho well-bu
leathermen only prefer 32-45. No WS
scal, FF shaving, drugs, damage
please. New to area, your own work
room & camera are pluses. Photo
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wants 20-35 masculine guys. Look for
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Reply with photo. Box 3863.

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Master. You short, 18-40 tiny cock.
Goal: huge nipples and pussy possible
marriage. No drunks, drugs, lats. Phot
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ASS SLAVE WANTED

W M hairy Master 38 5'7" 150 w
own, train & punish the right dog-ass
slave. Apply with rear photo, phone &
needs. Box 3889

REXWORKS REQUEST

(Interchain 518) Seeks obedient son
bottom for training and discipline.
Must be masculine and serious. Letter
photo Box 3876

REXWORKS REQUEST

Seeks white, hairy subjects 30-45 for
sessions in Dungeon. No FF, scat
drugs or overweights. Photo
appreciated—all answered. Box 3882

COMPOSER, AUTHOR

40, very quiet loner seeks non-
materialistic, truthful, happy, mild y
muscular 90% male NYC cop or the like
for noble clean, non-violent modes
sexual relationship. Should like to
cook. May eventually re-locate rural
California. Like motorcycles, small
farming animals, quiet talks, spiritual
energy, bodybuilding, natural foods
(often in the Chinese style), balanced
same living and Hadyn String Quartets.
No drugs, alcohol or singles scene
please. Do not wish to be involved in
the gay scene at all. Box 3881

REXWORKS REQUEST

Simple safe—but unbearably agoniz
ing. Watch as my young beautifully
muscular body strains against your
tight bonds—twisting, struggling as
your cruel fingers mercilessly stroke
my ticklish feet and pits, ignoring my
screams and pleas for mercy. Write for
hot action. Box 3880

COP SCENE/NYC AREA

M/W, 29, 180 bs., bodybuilder cop
looking for uniformed cop into any cop
fantasy. Tattoos, leather police jacket.
MC cops turn on expect same. No scat.
FF. Backs with arrest cock suckers or
take on booted cops rep y w th phone.
Must have interest in scene. Un-form
preferred. Box 3879

REXWORKS REQUEST

And hung like a horse. No unconven
tional scenes with creative body
builder, black dwarfs, deaf mutes and
animals. Write disgusting letter with
photo to occupant #8, 218 E 11 St. NY
NY 10003

MATURE MACHO MAN TITS

Bare your chest with mine for sensua
nipple action. Write. Box 649 New
York NY 10156

NYC, OR LI

W/m 35, 5'7" 170 lbs, 46" chest 34"
waist, born to serve in leather. A mas
ter over 30 who can take control and
show me who's boss. Sir I am into B&D
WS, FF, bodyshaving and body pierc
ing, enemas, humiliation, verbal trips.
needs plenty of tit work. Look for long
time relationship, willing to relocate for
right master. Serious and sincere, S r
please send orders and photo to J.H.
Box 536 Long Beach, New York, NY
11561

REXWORKS REQUEST

To train my novice ass and make it a
big hole. Seek a trim experienced FF
Top. Am NYC WM 30's 5'7" 140 slim
sensual and affectionate. Send photo,
letter. Box LF4046

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REXWORKS REQUEST

Zeus pubi bondage—coerc on
scenes! Seek athletic/ masc / musc
BB's into elaborate verbal, rough
man-to-man B&D leading to your
cock/ balls/ tits / ass being chained
whipped, clamped, stretched, oiled
waxed used any way your master,
captor sees fit forcing you to admit
what you really are/ want/ beg for.
Mirrors, rack, filthy dungeon await
your capture & humiliation as Her
cules/ Tarzan by strong demand of
imaginative gadator/ sex master.
Photo, phone, address, detailed des
cript on of what you're man enough to
required. Apply now for night of your
life. No hustlers/ lakers/ fems. Box
3566

COP SCENE

Uniformed cop into any cop fantasy
W/m 45, 160 lbs., looking for same
Also collect cop on forms. R.A. Box
689, Brooklyn, NY 11202

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Salisbury, N.C., 36, 5'6" built well
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culine well built, not fat well hung men
That get into a hot ass & throat. Toys
do, assplay most scenes except
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Black leather sweat, handcuffs hood
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Good looking guy 22 6'2" 160, seeks
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WANT YOUNGER COMPANION

Dominant GWM 50s, likes outdoors
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OWNERLESS TEDDYBEAR

craves bondage tit, assplay. Hang me
up, stretch me out. Flush my guts, an-
on, by my hole I'm 32, stocky, bearded
hot looking. You hold key to my wrists
cage, heart. Box 3578, Cincinnati OH
45201

GWM AGE 37

TIRED OF BARS

And usual nelly queens. Looking for a
real man who is honest, trustworthy
and sincere. Willing to serve right man.
Am Greek. Passive and French A/P and
love to receive recycled beer. Travel to
NY and Chicago often. Hair & tattoo a
plus. No ferns please. Box 3873

STRICT DADDY NEEDED

Need stern Daddy for correction of bad
habits and obedience training. Son is
5'6", 125 lbs m.d. 30's, smooth chest.
Daddy should be W/M under 50 with
firm hand, wide leather strap, and hot
nipples for son to worship. Reply
Drummer Box No 3884

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51 yr old 160# 6'1". Looking for "Boy
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Tulsa Leathermaster wants slim slave
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Light B&D, SM, no drugs, ass-fucking,
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97219

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W/m 32, 175 lbs, 5'3" seeking intelli-
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Goodlooking slave, 41, seeks caring
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does enemas, etc. but no fucking or
sucking. Box 4151

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32 140 lbs bearded, W/S. submission
boots, leather, scat. Box 3871

PENNSYLVANIA

YOUNG STUD WANTED

Who's into leather-B&D light S&M.
Must give me your mind as well as
body. I am W 6-175# All man. Have
leather fuckroom with racks-sling &
toys—Can't handle it don't answer.
Just fuck off. Box 3897

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SLAVE NEEDED

Experienced or novice, to service GWM.
37, 6', 160 lbs. Learn your limits and
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18049

NEEDS DOMINANT TOP

needs dominant top, built hairy stud
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warming my ass. Men to 50 write with
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15242

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Male animals wanted for heavy dildoeing.
Slaves also should have aptitude for
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St., Philadelphia, PA 19107

PHILA TOP MAN

Goodlooking, athletic BB, 35, 5'11" 180
lbs, chest 44", waist 33" level headed
clean professional with wide interests
history religion, arts, sports but also
SM, B&D, C&BT seeks hot quality bot-
tom man similar turn-ons. Photo. Box
4170

YOUNG STUD WANTED

PITTSBURGH AREA

Who's into leather B&D light S&M. Must
give me your mind as well as body. I am
W 6' 175# All man. Have leather fuck
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handle it, don't answer just fuck off.
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man who'll openly and proudly share
what he knows and has, you may have
found your partner! I'm 6'11" 150 lbs, 44
yrs, grey hair, black beard and
moustache, with a natural, uncultured
dick that hangs a heavy 7 inches for the
buddy that takes to it right. Dig sweat
hair, hoars, nipples, foreskin, lo-
wing n' balls, and other natural
delights. If you're interested and got the
balls to talk straight, shoot a no-bull-
shit note my way. Travel is possible.
Box 006

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GWM 32, 5'8" 147 lbs seeks bondage
Master to 40 for lifestyle of obedience
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Photos please, Sir. RHS Box 270069
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Are you 21-34, 5'10" 150 lbs., or
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expected but expanded, and why you
need to be taken to the woodshed.
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times when you'll be at Houston Dock
or Drum and how you'll discreetly pre-
sent yourself. Drummer 4167

GWM, AGE 45
New to S&M. Interested in receiving
and giving light spankings and expand-
ing my limits. Houston TX area. Box
3678.

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Desire to exchange jail or prison stories
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their experiences behind bars. No need
to be a participant—ever watch or hear
a "turn-out"? Make a "punk" out of a
"fish". Box 3853

W/M 29 6'10" 140 lbs
Seeks slave for long term B/D. Leather
Levi. No farts. I am only serious into
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S/M BOTTOM

Hot W/M 37 6'1" 185 lbs, healthy, pro-
fessional, masculine. Somewhat new
to scene, but eager to learn. Seeks hot
dominant Top/Master for B/D, CBT/T,
W/S, hot wax, dildoes/toys, V/A etc.
No FF, scat, shaving. Tx, Louisiana,
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for prompt response. Suite 169, P.O.
Box 66973, Houston, Tx 77006

I NOW OWN THE HUMAN DOG.
Kar who's story appears in MACH 6. I
am seeking contact with interested and
knowledgeable parties who are also
involved or would like to be involved in
transforming and training a human
male to become a dog. Would like con-
tact from gay professionals of all lev-
els. (Veterinarians, Lawyers, doctors,
kennel operators or suppliers) who are
into S/M. Objective goal—to found
training center/kennel facility. Poten-
tial dogs, masters with human dogs or
any serious party are welcome to
inquire/share information. Write to
W.B. at P.O. Box 570791, Houston,
Texas 77257-0791

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PISS/SHIT/SPM/PUKE/CUM
Cover me in yours, Sir! Ex-NYC slave
moved to Danville needs new Master to
continue training in bondage, punish-
ment, humiliation, C&BT, toilet train-
ing, tripping, worship, have leather
police uniforms, am 24, 7 1/2", built. My
photo was in Drummer 64, TC1070.
Await photo, phone, orders, Sir! Box
4156

DEDICATED LEATHERMAN
W/m, 30, 5'10", 148 lbs, desires contact
with others, both as bottom and top.
SM FF Gr a/p. Especially into TT and
WS. Box 2341, Manassas, VA 22110

FIND DADDY HERE!

WASHINGTON

HOT MASTER
W m 29, 5'7" 125 lbs, blk hair, smooth
body skin, moustache, wants slave/1-
over 18-30 only slim trusting, very
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phone, Greg Box 71003, Seattle, WA
98107-7033

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MASTER
Daddy leather hot and dominant
seeks permanent son/s ave 6' 155 lbs
30's att active very energetic. You are
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edient hot balls excellent cocksucker.
You will be fully trained to meet a my
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s m verbal domina on. You pleasure
der ves f om be ng my personal cunt-
ave. App op are application and
photo to Box 3866

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Interested in being "broken in" by Seat-
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WHIPPING BOY NEEDED:
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cular hairy chested, LEVEL HEADED, is
seeking a younger than master cute
babyfaced, slim, smooth, hunky or well
defined slaveboy. Should be ready for
humiliation, B/D, TT, CBT, wh pping
good and sound, and poss bly some
W/S. Nude and/or upper nude picture
wanted. No farts or heavies. Phone #
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DADDY 35, 6', 175#, 8" CUT Men into C.B.S.M.B.D.T.T./W.S. and exhibitionism for fun and pleasure. Also accepting obedient and humbly slaves to be used for my total enjoyment. 18-40 photo and phone. Box 3916

WANTED: ANIMAL TRAINING

Egotistical, tough, straight cowboy 34 w.m., 190, needs hard core animal training. Mental mind-fuck games are my thing, not excessive physical pain. Sadistically humiliate & degrade me slowly reducing me to the lowest elements of domestic farm animal, from my original human state. Hypnosis possible for behavior modification. Stables, pig sties, kennels a must. **BE WARNED:** I will challenge and defy you most of the way. You must be experienced top, 35-50, 180-200, mean and strong. City twinkles, feds, boozers, druggies need NOT apply. Pix letter gets fast response. Travel Tri-state area. Jay Box 4048

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WYOMING HARD HAT

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CANADA

BOTTOM, 38, 5'9", 160 LBS.

Bearded, mustache will submit to strong beely or muscular or medium fat men. Humiliation, verbal abuse, bodyworship, armpits, tits, C.B., feet, rimming, W.S., bondage, shaving, SM fantasies. Care, affection and know how will expand limits. Please include photo. P.O. Box 872 Station H, Montreal P.Q. H3G 2M8

WANTED

Guys who play autoerotic rope scenes willing to share with uniform, leather, booted guy 35, formula sat slact on Box 5327 Station A, Toronto, Ont., Canada M5N 1Z2

TORONTO—HAIRY MALE

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BOTTOM MAN

5'9" 160 lbs. br/bl worship and service beely or muscular or slight to medium fat men. You demand order, humiliate and punish me as is your right. I please you as is my duty. If you have the know how and can also show affection, you will make me better and expand my limits. Please include photo with letter. No feds, no heavy SM that leaves damages. P.O. Box 872 Station H Montreal P.Q. H3G 2M8

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Topmen, any race, call me, talk dirty, give me orders. I will do what you say. Hot white 88 awaiting your call sir. Peter 403/244-3295

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AUSTRALIA

SLAVE NEEDED

30 yr. old Master, 6'0" 160 lbs. Moving from U.S.A. to Perth. Attractive is seeking a young boy-slave 18-30. Slave must be slim or hunky and baby-faced or handsome. Moustache preferred. want a HOT BOY SLAVE who is totally obedient and ready for B&D. TT, CBT, Shaving and Piercing. Master is level-headed and caring. Upper-half nude picture requested with letter. Box 3865

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LATE 20's, 135#, 5'8"

8 and swimmers body in Southern Brazil into C.B. B.D. W.S., etc. Like to meet anyone passing through or exchange. hot letters, stories, jocks, etc. Box 3826

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LIMITLESS DIRTY SCENES

Wanted by experienced man 43, 5'11" 160, looking for top or mutual pigs. Piss, anal, scat, puke, enemas, oil, grease, rubber and leather gear. Jockstraps, boots and foot worship. S/M, TT, CBT and catheters. Hot wax, whipping, shaving and piercing. Interested in worldwide contacts. Box 3285

BERLIN, 40, 6'1"/170

Br. bearded uncultured, into L/L. FR a/p, GR p. tits, coming to U.S. wants to meet leathermen. Send Ph. Ltr. to Hans G. Blass, 74 Stresemannstr. #1120, 1000 Berlin 61 West Germany

GERMAN LEATHERMAN

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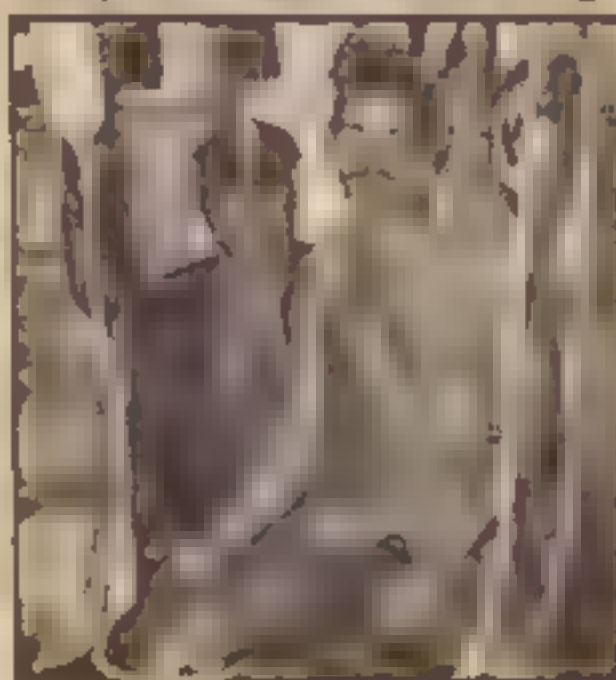
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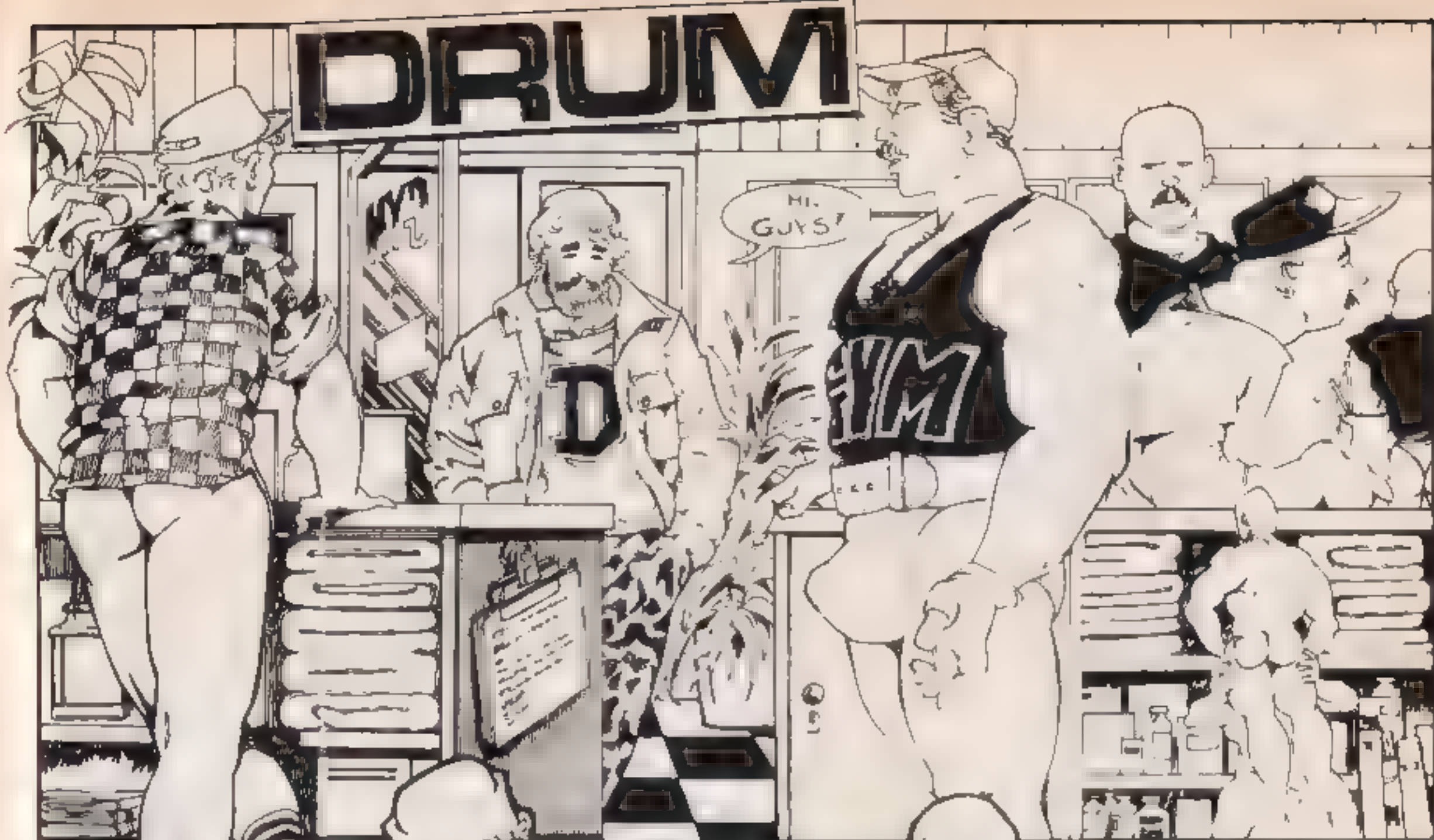
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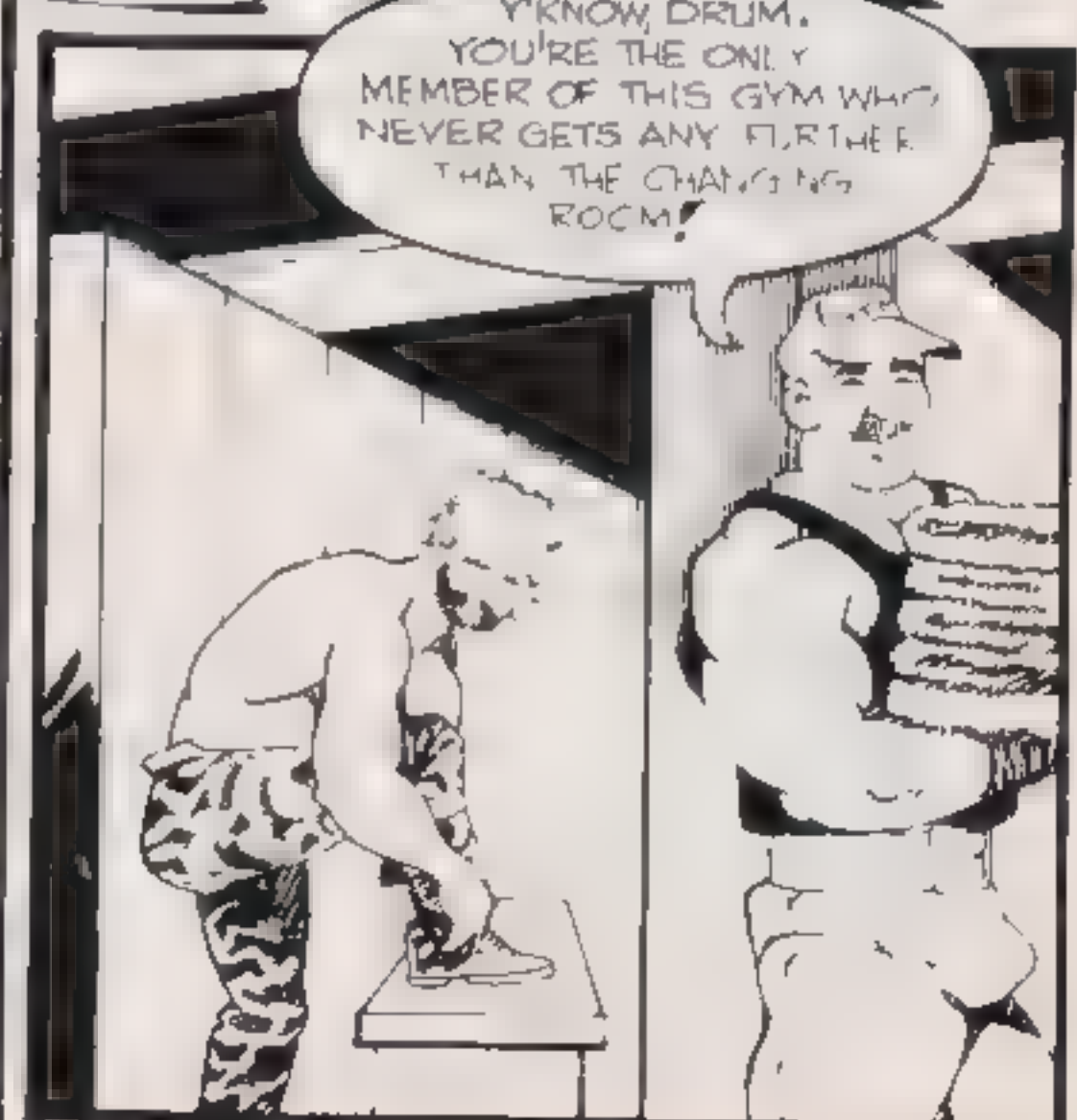
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DRUMMER DADDIES

In Search of OLDER MEN

Announcing the return of Drummer Daddies to the pages of DRUMMER! It seems that the announcement of a forthcoming special edition of DRUMMER DADDIES 3 got a lot of Daddies and sons off the stick to share their stories with us. Here are a few of the case histories we've received—but we're still looking for more. If you've got a story to tell, or some ideas about the Daddy Phenomenon, we're waiting to hear it! Send your story (type written if possible) to: DRUMMER DADDIES, 964 Folsom Street, San Francisco, CA 94107. And keep an eye out for DRUMMER DADDIES 3, which promises to be the hottest edition yet in our celebration of the biggest phenomenon of the Eighties!

THE ONLY DADDY I HAVE KNOWN

Over the last couple of years my Daddy has brought home copies of *Drummer* and has permitted me to enjoy them. We have both copies of *Drummer Daddies* and both of us miss the regular column of Drummer Daddies which has been missing in recent issues. Daddy has told me to write you not only to tell you that we miss them but also to tell you about us.

I am presently 28 years old and continue to live with the only Daddy I have ever known. My Daddy is 30 years old and he became my Daddy when I was 14, although we did not know such terms back then. In the earlier years of our relationship, we met whenever it was possible to do so. When I went off to college, I joined my Daddy there and that established our relationship fully and completely as Daddy/son or Master/slave. When Daddy finished college, I quit college and he took me with him. Since that time I have never worn a piece of clothing except for a couple of occasions when I had to go to the doctor or to the dentist.

My Daddy is quite short and very thin. Even when we first met, he was that way and he hasn't changed much since then. He is a brain and holds a very responsible position. I, on the other hand, grew and matured early

because Daddy says it is a proper discipline.

The other one was harder still for me to accept. Daddy first decided that the toilet paper aggravated his asshole and that he would feel a lot better if I used my tongue to wipe him clean. He later decided that a dutiful and obedient son should, at least once a week, want to have a special breakfast directly from his Daddy's ass.

I have long ago learned that my big little-boy cock is only there to serve as a place of release for my piss. While I know that my piss and my Daddy's piss is for me to drink and is the only liquid that I need to quench whatever thirst I might have, I also know that shooting a load of cum is only for men. Daddy understands that my cock will get hard, as little boy cocks do sometimes get, but that little boys do not shoot cum. The only times I am granted permission to do so is on any legal holiday. It hurts me to know that I do cum at other times without my Daddy's permission and I know that I deserve to be punished for my lack of self-control.

I cannot remember when I last touched my own cock. My Daddy has told me that little boys do not play with themselves and he is most kind and considerate to hold my cock when I have to piss and to wash it so that it stays clean. Though I am alone during the day, he always questions me as to whether I have touched my peepee while he was at work. I must admit that there have been a few times when I have done so and he has punished me most severely. Though I have touched my peepee at times, I have never jacked it off. Daddy has told me that if I ever do that, he will take me to a group of women and make me lick and suck their private parts. I never want that to happen.

When Daddy does permit me to cum, he works on my cock with his hand and makes sure that he has some kind of container to catch my cum in. I know that I will be required to drink or lick it up, for my Daddy tells me that it will grow hair on my chest. I know I will never have hair there, but I obey him.

things wrong. I failed to say that I really love my Daddy. I am sorry. Daddy tells me that it was unforgivable for me to do so. I have agreed that his punishment for the same is right. He has taken away all my privileges of cumming for the next year and, if I should have an accident at any time before then, I have agreed that my cock should be placed in some type of confinement that he calls "the gates of hell" so that I will not even be permitted to have a hard cock. I know he is right and fair in his punishment. I will try my very best not to have him have to punish me further in that way. Daddy, I love you!

DADDY'S LITTLE SAILOR

Let me tell you how I met my son. I live in a coastal city with a large navy base. One morning I stopped in the neighborhood bookstore to buy the recent issue of *Drummer*. I was early and the place was empty except for this young sailor who was looking at magazines. I went into the movie-booth area and when I came out he was still there. I made sure he could tell what I was buying and caught his eye as I left. He followed me out and came up to the car. "You got any place we can go?"

I'm self-employed and work alone in a small service business just a few blocks away. When we got there and went into the back he unzipped his pants, pulled out his cock and said, "You can have as much of this as you want." I figured he was just trade. But it was more than that. Next thing I knew, he was sucking my cock, too. We settled down for some real fine vanilla sex. I was sucking the hardest cock I've ever seen. When I got his clothes off I discovered that this was no common, garden-variety trick. I had me a stud!

Steve is 22, 5'10", 160 pounds of solid rock, and golden from head to toe. His arms are very well defined and he tapers down to a slim waist and hips. His chest, stomach, thighs and legs are not especially defined but are solid and firm under a taut, flawless skin.

He started coming by fairly frequently and it took me a while to figure out just why this guy kept coming to me—he could have had anybody he wanted. And I'm not so much in demand, generally. Basically I'm just a nice guy: 40, fat, bald. I've got a great cock, I've been told, and it must be so because I get my fair share and I know I don't have the looks to be real high on anyone's list if I didn't have something they wanted.

Well, one day he came by during business hours. I was expecting a customer and couldn't lock up for a while, so we just talked. That's really what he wanted to do, I think, just talk. He's married and has an infant son. His wife has gone to her folks and he's living aboard ship. The ship is undergoing sea trials of some sort. He's in port a lot but had such an erratic schedule he couldn't be home much. He's sending most of his money to his wife.

I was a very popular athlete in high school. I knew that as big as I was and as athletic as I was—that I was nothing but my Daddy's slave.

I won't go into the whole story, for I can't remember any more just how it all exactly happened. I remember, however, that it happened at the beginning of that summer of my 14th year and that I went through high school as an athletic stud whom the other kids always kind of felt sorry for because my Daddy kept me shaved from the very first signs of any body hair. Being muscular and big with a large cock and balls, it was always a source of embarrassment for me. I always had to explain to the other guys that I didn't know why I wasn't growing any body hair.

My Daddy, as I said, is short and thin. In spite of that he lacks nothing in terms of the size of his cock. He is not athletic in any way. If I remember rightly, our getting together had something to do with my being a dumb stud in need of tutoring in order to remain eligible for sports and he volunteered to help me. Since I couldn't afford to pay him for his help, he took his pay in another way. I guess I was always afraid that someone would find out about me, but they never did.

As the years progressed, I guess I needed my Daddy as much as he needed me. It bothers me at times to think and to know that I have never known what it might feel like to have my cock sucked or to fuck another man, but my Daddy has told me that little boys do not do such things and I know that he knows what is best for me.

Throughout the years I have remained a hellion of sorts. Daddy gives me orders to fulfill and things to do and accomplish, but I always seem to forget about them and not do what I'm told to do. I know that Daddy will punish me for my laziness and lack of obedience, but I can't seem to help it. I keep telling myself that I will do better because I don't like to be punished, but I never seem to be able to do it all.

Daddy never ties me or binds me in any way. He tells me that it is not necessary. He is my Daddy and there is no way that a son would ever or should ever rebel against his Daddy. I know very well that, if I should ever refuse to accept whatever punishment he might deem necessary at any time, he will kick me out of the house. He has threatened the same a couple of times when I had some troubles accepting his discipline, but I have always come to the point where I accepted it.

The two hardest things for me to accept were as follows. Should I ever come without permission, I am required to lay on the floor with my legs spread wide and accept the fact that my Daddy is going to whip my cock and balls with a belt. I must keep my hands under my ass cheeks and make no movement of them elsewhere. That was hard for me to learn to accept and do. But I do

Sometimes it bothers me and I get to thinking what it would look like if Daddy would permit me to let my body hair grow. I know that I have to shave all over my body three or four times a week to keep myself smooth and I think I might be rather hairy. Daddy is hairy and I would like to be like him.

Tonight is a very special night. Daddy will come home and read my letter that I'm writing to you. Tonight is also my birthday. If Daddy is pleased, he just might invite three or four of his friends over tonight to celebrate. He very rarely does that. He'll permit them to use my mouth and my ass as a reward for doing good. If he is displeased with my letter, he's told me already what will happen. He'll coat my cock and balls with BenGay and keep applying more all night long and will put a rubber on his cock, coat it with BenGay, and fuck my ass that way. Oh, I hope he is pleased, for, if he is not, he will shoot up my ass into the rubber and make me watch him as he empties that rubber into the toilet and deprives me of my vitamins today and even, maybe, for a few more days. I don't think I could take that.

Tom
Iowa

P.S. I just knew that it would happen. I always seem to do



A few days later he stopped by to see me. Past that sex is just not something I do and, so far, the occasion simply hasn't presented itself. However, I left a five out and said as he was getting dressed, "I left your allowance on the table, son." He picked right up on it, "Thanks, Dad."

He started calling me almost every day when he could get off the ship. "Look, Dad, I hope you won't be mad at me but..." "I've been real good, Dad, and got the top score on..." That sort of thing.

We've developed a real nice relationship. He's in the nuclear navy and plans a career so he can't come out. I offer him privacy, discretion and absolutely no risk. He really needs a dad, a caring man to talk to. We've never gotten into discipline and I couldn't give him much even if that were what he wanted. Yet there is a lot of tacit discipline in our relationship. He's very polite and has good manners. He knows I wouldn't bother with him otherwise. In some ways I think he's never had anyone like me before. Sure, I want his body, but I like him for himself. He's used to sex with nothing to go with it. He's discovering that he likes men, not just man-sex, and that man-sex can be very rewarding within a caring relationship. I'm no beauty, but I'm not a wimp. I've got personal standards and so does he, he just doesn't know what his are yet.

The sex just keeps getting better. When he comes in I tell him, "I'm going to lock up in a few minutes so go in back and get ready for me, son." When I go back, I'll ask him how he's been doing at the gym and he'll do some sit-ups, push-ups and pull-ups to pump himself up for me. I'll start going over him and praising him for his development. He loves to show off for his daddy. We'll nuzzle and lick. Sometimes he gives me a good rub-down. What he really likes best is for me to kneel on the floor while he lies down in front of me. He'll curl his body up so that he can lick my balls and suck my cock while he pumps his own meat. Every muscle in his body jumps up under his skin. Finally I shoot off on his face and as soon as my hot cum hits him he shoots rope after long rope of cum on his chest and stomach.

Let me tell you, not all Drummer Daddies are the same. What we have is a thoughtful, considerate and affectionate relationship. The sex is terrific, but the conversation, the embracing, the looks, the touches, the phone calls and the mutual caring are what being son and dad are all about.

Recently he had duty and the ship was almost empty all weekend. He called me when he got off and said, "You know, dad, I'm just not lonely any more."

Neither am I, son.

Name Withheld
Charleston, NC

INTERNATIONAL LEATHER SCENE



THE TOP: Another shot from Michael Eisenblat's leather photo show running through September 15 at Revolt Gallery in Hamburg. The show opened in August in conjunction with the Tenth Anniversary meeting of the European Confederation of Motorcycle Clubs.

78 DRUMMER

OCTOBER LEATHERFEST

Celebrating its Tenth Anniversary this year, the Munich Leather Club of West Germany recently contacted *Drummer* to extend a leather welcome to all travelers planning on attending this year's Oktoberfest in Munich, which will take place in tandem with the club's anniversary celebrations, September 28 through October 1.

Plans are in the works for get-togethers at the local leather bars, sight-seeing tours of the city, an Alpine excursion and motorcycle rally, a Sunday Bavarian brunch (free), and cruising in Munich's English Garden. MLC has also reserved 400 seats in the biggest "beer-tent" on the Oktoberfest grounds. (If you've always wanted a beer belly, this is the place to get started!)

Total price for all these events can cost as little as \$33 U.S. dollars. Leathermen headed for Oktoberfest are invited to write: MLC Munchen e.V., Postbox 163, 8000 Munich 33, West Germany. Give our regards to MLC executive honcho Olaf.

NYC LEATHER

The latest word from Gotham: On October 27, 8 p.m. to midnight, Interchain will present "Mr. Leather Contest 1984, New York City," the culminating evening of an exhaustive search for a leatherman worthy of wearing the NYC banner.

The place: Alex's Disco Bar, 30 Tenth Avenue. The Lure: for the contestants, a shot at the title and the first-prize trip to Munich, West Germany, one of leather's world capitals; for the crowd, a chance to see New York's hottest leathermen in competition, and a fundraising raffle that includes, among numerous other prizes, a second trip to Munich.

"Mr. Leather Contest 1984, New York City" is a benefit for GMHC (Gay Men's Health Crisis). Tickets for the event are \$15 advance, \$20 door. For tickets, entry information, or data on donating prizes for the event, contact Interchain, Box 410, New York, NY 10011.

Watch this space for word on the winners.

HIGH-BROW LEATHER

The work of San Francisco photographer Mark J. Chester has become familiar to *Drummer* readers over the last few years—his most recent appearance in these pages, a portfolio of leather and bondage photographs illustrating Kirby Congdon's "Rites of Endurance," *Drummer* 71, like each of his



UNDER PRESSURE: A tableau from 'Connections' at The Studio in San Francisco. Photo by Mark I. Chester

previous appearances, elicited powerful response

In collaboration with other artists, Chester frequently elicits the same kind of responses from live audiences with performance pieces that match the ritualized mood and dark texture of his photographic work. Chester's latest stage work is "Connections," conceived and performed in collaboration with

exotic dancer Carla Wood Saivre (who also worked with Chester last February in a work called "Dark Scars.")

The place: The Studio at Theatre Rhinoceros in San Francisco. The dates: August 24-26. This notice is written in advance of the debut, so we can't describe the proceedings—but the publicity photo which Chester submitted certainly piques our interest: a leather-

gloved hand pulling a cord attached to a multi-pierced ear attached to a curiously impassive face

WRESTLING TOGS

Drummer has recently received a number of letters from readers requesting more stories, features and photos on man-to-man wrestling. Obviously, the interest is there—and while *Drummer* prepares to deliver the goods in the fashion it's singularly famous for, International Leather Scene suggests that die-hard wrestling fans direct their attention to a little outfit called BG Enterprises.

BG has been around since 1980 supplying gay wrestlers all over the world with wrestling fantasies and stories, photo-series, a newsletter called *BG's Wrestling News*, films and videos. BG even has plans for a Wrestling Phone Talk service.

The BG Photoseries (over 40 sets) features a stable of stars like "Sailor Rob" and "Kid Leopard," focusing on matches between lightweights with muscular, gymnastic physiques. Comments BG: "You do not find wrestlers like that in most pro rings in the United States today." (A claim we might take exceptions to—has BG seen the famous Von Erich brothers from Dallas?)

Readers who want to check out this action can get hold of a products and information kit by sending five bucks to BG Enterprises, 7985 Santa Monica Blvd., Suite 109-81, West Hollywood, CA 90046.

DRUMMER 79



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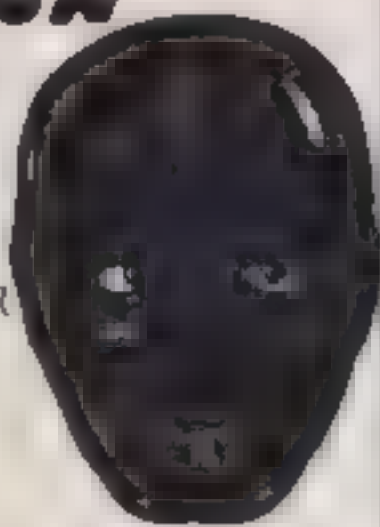
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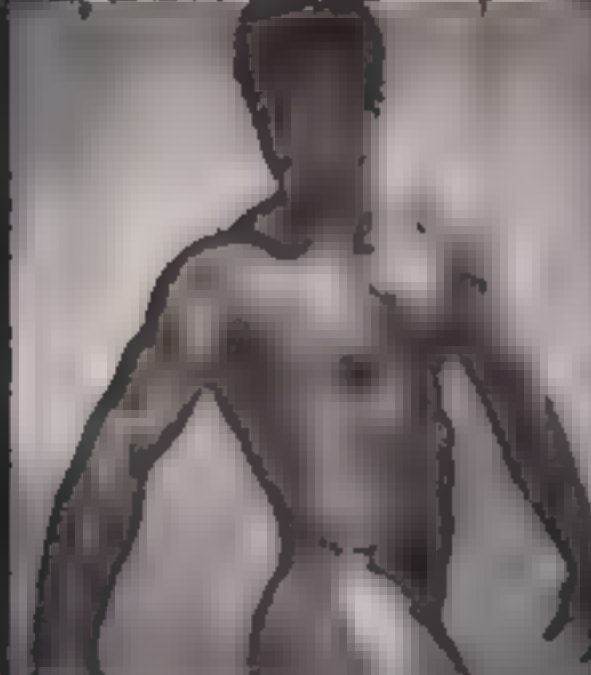
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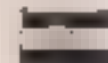
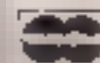


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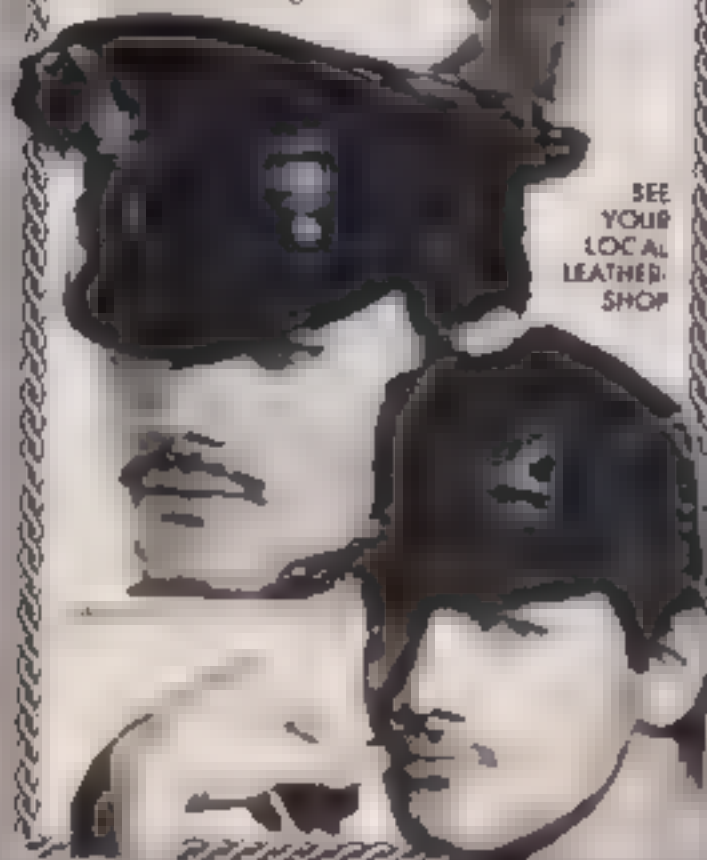
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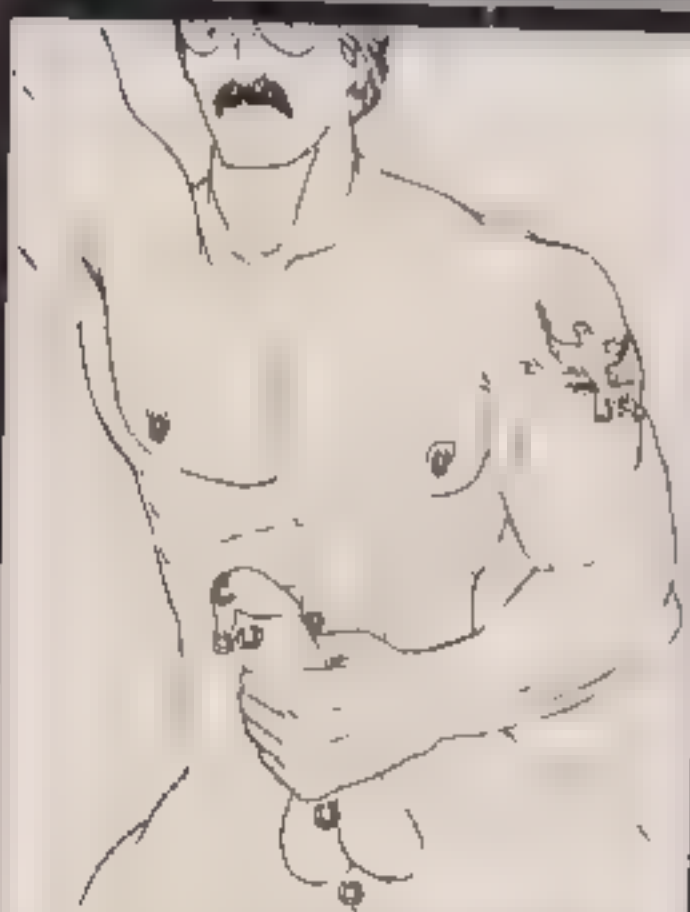
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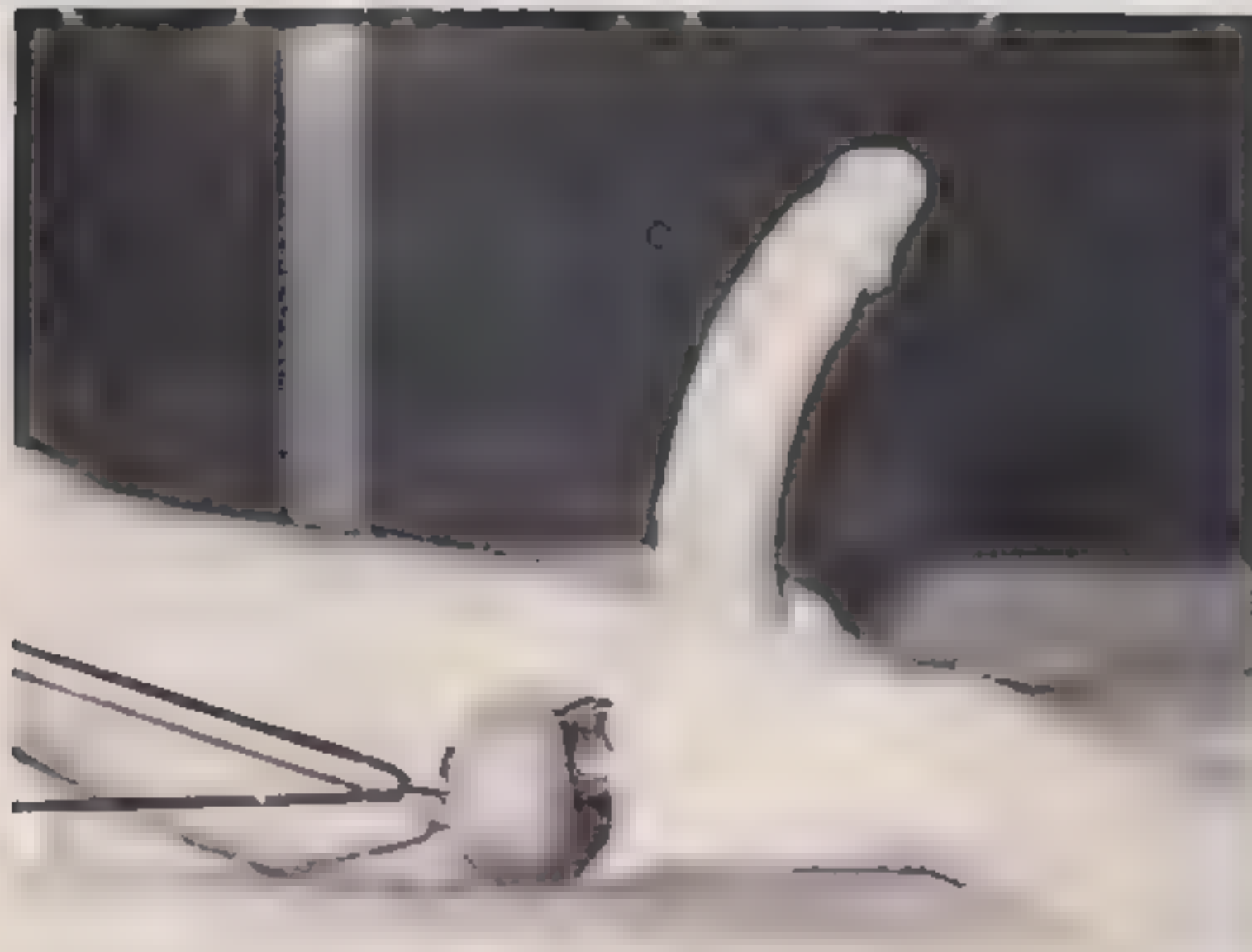
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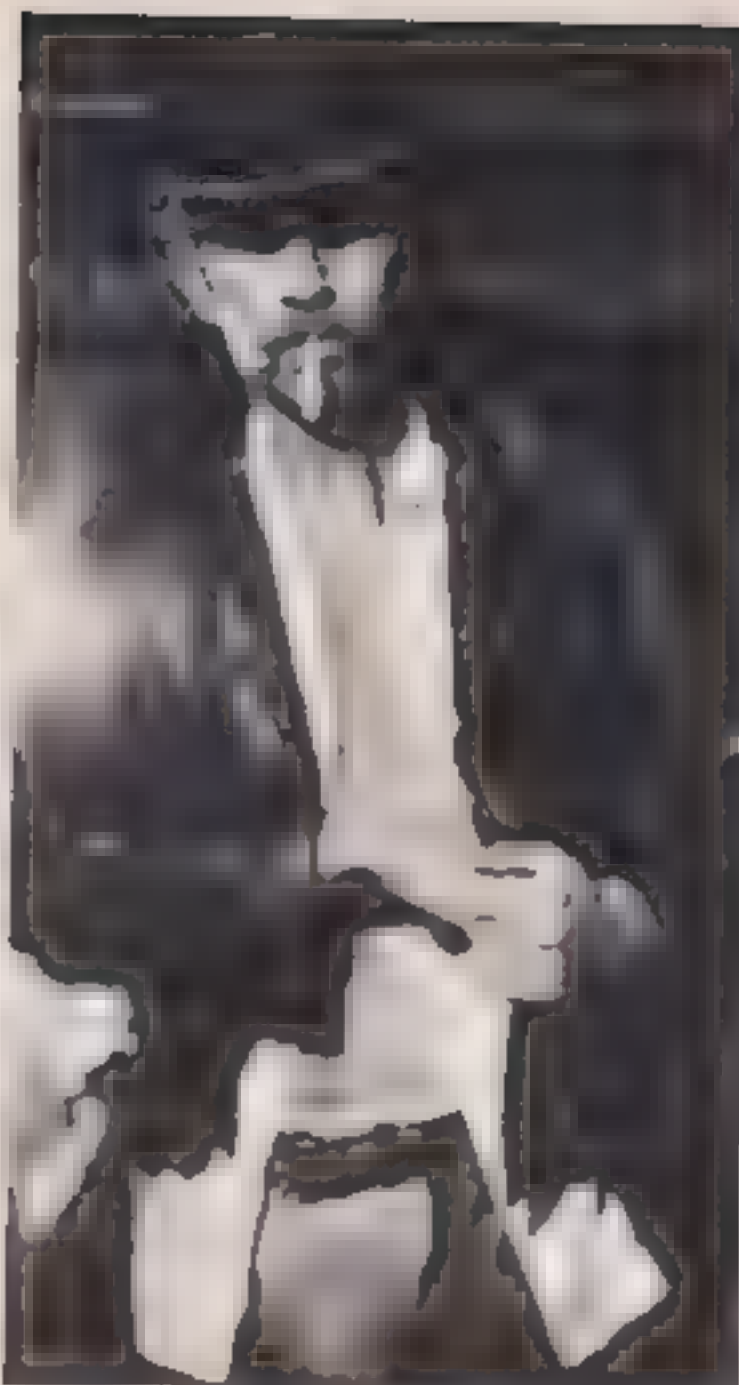
WANNA BE A T.C.?

Think your stuff is hot enough to appear in *Drummer's* Tough Customer pages? Like to show it off? Send your photo (black and white reproduces best, dim color shots won't do at all), along with a brief description or message to: Tough Customers, *Drummer* 964 Folsom Street San Francisco, CA 94107. Tell us you're of legal age, put your signature on the back of the photo and include your name and address (we won't print that information unless you ask us to). See ya around!



LONDON RUBBER

"As usual, any guys coming to London will be made welcome by my friends and me." Interested rubbermen can write to this waterproof T.C., Mr. B.R. Welch, 20 East Point, Avondale Square, London SE1 5NS, England.



MOUNTAIN GOAT

38-year-old blond (5'10", 145 lbs.) with uncut tool, recently moved from Florida to the Pacific Northwest, looking for Drummer-type mountain goats for heavy games in the forest. Write to T.C. 1081.



BODY WORSHIP

This 32-year-old bodybuilder (5'10", 160 lbs., 45" chest, 16" arms) requires total body worship from older, submissive slaves, who'll be rewarded with his thick cut dick. Write to Mike Delaney, Box 585, Palisades, NY 10964.



FIREPLACE DECORATION

Slave Danny is just hanging around waiting for some heat from his Master. You can find out more about this Southern California slave by writing to T.C. Box 1079.



GERMAN LEATHERMASTER

This 34-year-old Teutonic stud invites Leatherboys to a hot weekend in his "Actionroom." Some English spoken, and plenty of French and Greek. Send a photo to Joe, Postbox 330 A34, D-5400 Koblenz-33, West Germany.

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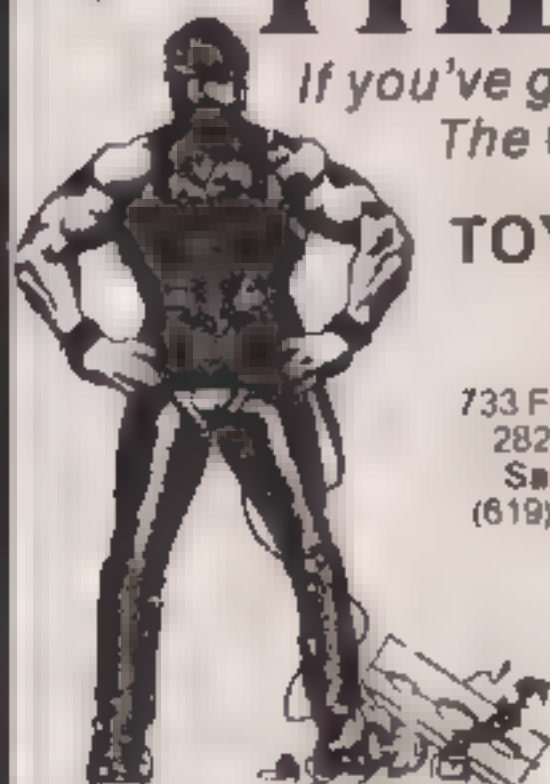
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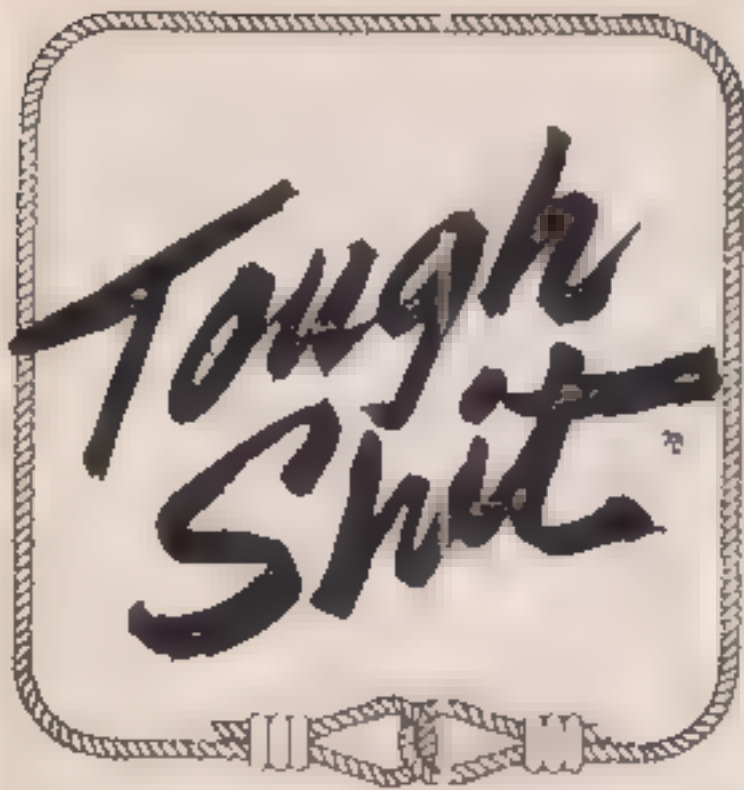
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WE'LL TAKE A DOZEN, MIXED

In our last Tough Shit, we ran an item on a program in West Germany encouraging civilians to play host to navy men. Now a reader in Canada informs us that "you don't have to go to Germany to Dial-a-Sailor." Seems that each year Vancouver, British Columbia, hosts a Sea Festival, with visiting ships from Canada, the U.S., New Zealand and elsewhere—and a neighborhood paper (in a primarily gay area of town, according to our source) shows its community spirit by matching sailors with locals. We love that line about "Sailor preference, if any, and how many?" But is one blank line room enough to fill in all the unlisted activities we'd like to do with our salty dog?

DON'T SCREAM—LIGHT UP!

Great Britons have always had a thing for whipping, flogging, caning, etc.—both giving and receiving.

Our regards to *SMART* magazine of London, which first uncovered this antique gem.

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TEXANS LOVE DISCIPLINE

Sheriff John Vance of Rockwall County, Texas, has lost his star and been sent to prison for the riding crop whipping of a young prisoner—but the town-folk of Rockwall still love their ex-sheriff.

The incident occurred when Sheriff Vance took a riding crop to Richard V. Williams, a 15-year-old suspected car thief. Ultimately, Vance was charged and convicted of violating the teenager's civil rights, and received a one-year prison sentence and a \$1000 fine. During the controversy, Vance proclaimed his innocence and continued with plans for reelection, but eventually resigned a week after pleading guilty to avoid state charges that he had lied to a grand jury.

The people of Rockwall stuck by their lawman, however, and a week before

Vance's prison term began they organized a \$5-a-plate appreciation dinner with a Western theme in his honor, held in the Rockwall High School cafeteria. More than 1000 people showed up to eat barbeque, listen to country-western music, and bid Vance farewell.

Friends and supporters of the deposed sheriff called him a respected law enforcement officer and cited an unblemished record previous to the whipping incident. (It was not remarked that the victim's ass was probably unblemished prior to the incident, as well.) "I'm not a lone ranger," Vance said. "I'm just a good old country boy with a lot of friends." And a riding crop. And a taste for whipping teenagers' asses.

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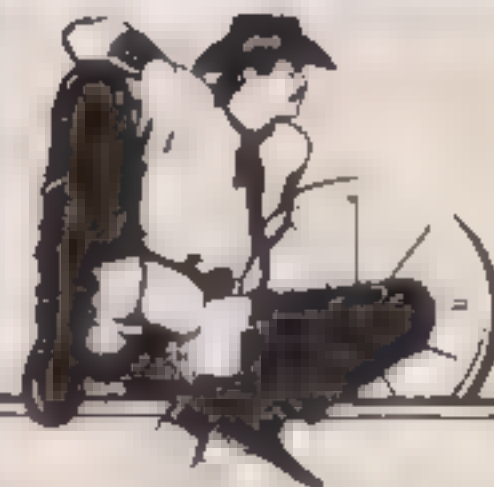
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DRUMMEDIA

VIDEO

"WHEN THE MUSIC'S OVER..."

Jim Morrison predicted the death of the counter-culture while it was still in its infancy; he foretold the final co-optation of the peace-love generation, the radical women's movement, sexual liberation, pacifism, and the outlaw societies of bikers, druggies, and flower children. When

Steve Soderby Presents *Daddy Does a Video & A Dinner Party*; Oz VideoVision, 1984 directed by Steve Soderby, features entire cst 30 minutes, color and sound, Beta/VHS \$39.95 plus \$3 postage/handling; signed statement required, Oz Video, Box 14744, San Francisco, CA 94114

the end came, Morrison envisioned it eased out of existence with one last, lingering whimper—not framed by violent cathartic convolutions

Steve Soderby Presents *Daddy Does a Video & The Dinner Party* is that inescapable whimper of dissolution, deceptively breathed through the finest state-of-the-art technology; an irrevocable dying of the last bastion of the cultural revolution: Pornography

It is a conclusion not lightly reached but equally impossible to avoid. All that is important in the sexual politics of pornography is rendered into all that is insufferable about the new gay political left—itsself the fragment of a subculture that, as John Rechy puts it, holds as its badge of honor the ability to set a proper table. What was once the uncompromising posture of social anarchy, the homosexual acts themselves, are reduced to the mediocrity of mass-consumption, laced with a pacifier of insular humor, served up in a dish as bland as salmon mousse

Oz Video aims itself at men who are "upwardly mobile, socially as well as financially"... a target reached through the use of "men who are contemporaries of the market group in scenarios arising out of realistic, everyday situations." That translates to this: Steve Soderby Presents proposes to use the group to appeal to the group, a strategy that, while it may work well for American Express, runs counter to the very face of pornography, which has as its First Law: to create a world identifiable but slightly out of the context of the viewer's everyday experience. At its most simplistic level, pornography is the representation of sexual fantasy. We do not tend to fantasize about accessible sexual situations and conquests, but rather we exercise an ability to embrace an abstract sexual experience through pornography

In *Daddy Does a Video*, what could have passed for terminal cuteness emerges as extraordinarily ordinary true



ORDINARY PEOPLE: Something is missing in *Daddy Does a Video*. Photo by David Smith

to its premise of reflecting a certain, if all-too-conventional, sexuality. According to the storyline, what happens is this: Daddy comes home and plays around with his "son." What you see on the screen is this: two ordinary men having ordinary sex. The "son" does not act out the semiology of a biological son. The "daddy" exists in his role only by the physical inference of his age in relationship to the age of the "son"—and then only by a matter of degrees, since their ages are not significantly polarized. Calling this "*Daddy Does a Video*" is as relevant as titling a film of clouds moving across the sky "*Clouds Who Thought They Were Bicycles*"

If the exploration of the daddy-son theme is not the structure of the narrative, and if this episode of Steve Soderby

Presents only intends to use the subtext of a daddy-son relationship, where the emotional ramifications of such a coupling is utilized, then what is lacking is a context for this subliminal extrapolation of psychological dependency

If *Daddy Does a Video* is to be viewed as an abstract sexual experience, which is, I think, to give the video more weight than it can support, then it could be argued that it succeeds in establishing a primary text through a number of assumptions: that the men are engaged in a role-relationship that transcends the ordinary (visually, they are not); that the sexuality of the participants is altered by their role-relationship to some heretofore unacknowledged degree (visually, it is not); and, finally, that the exploration of their sexuality in the video under-

scores and broadens, for the viewer, his understanding of the subtext itself—the emotional level of the relationship (as a pornographic catharsis, it does not). It could be argued, but there are too many assumptions necessary to guarantee such a visceral conclusion.

While *Daddy Does a Video* fails to evoke itself, *A Dinner Party 2* falls into another category, and succeeds—in being sexually counter-revolutionary.

Two things happen in *A Dinner Party* that work at cross-purposes. The narrative is a small party given by the "daddy" and "son" of the first segment of the video for what we must believe are their peers—undistinguished upwardly-mobile (socially as well as financially) gay men. The setting is simplistically austere, as was the case with the bedroom in the first segment, mainly the dinner table itself and the immediate environment of the room it occupies. Dessert, when it is announced is two naked men who climb on the table and have sex together while the party-goers watch. These two elements, the formally-dressed dinner guests and the naked sexual performers, are presented visually as a contrast that a most goes without saying. The subtext lies in the implication of this situation, personified by the conversation that happens around the table. Only a token consideration is given to the performers by the guests—conversation rambles into other areas. Some guests look at the performers with fained amusement, some with the everyday glance of the commonplace, a little awe here and there (but not much, and not nearly enough given the uniqueness of the situation).

The level of the conversation varies with the regularity of a group of people semi-distracted by some external event, like people in a restaurant where there is a floorshow that does not demand their undivided attention, or the kind of chatter you might find in a beauty salon where involvement is displaced by waiting.

There is an invisible wall between the performers on the table and the men sitting around it—the wall is never breached by a touch from either direction; a firm class-consciousness is established.

Eventually the men on the table reach respective orgasms. The entertainment is over.

The narrative line is nothing more than a cliché, and were it used in a larger context—where the characters sitting around the table were allowed to be fleshed out in correlating situations—it could easily work as a motif or even as a tableau where the relationship of the performers to each other, or to the men in the room, or of the men at the table to the performers had some overriding significance. But it is used, in and of itself, as the main text; so the conclusions

88 DRUMMER

VIDEO BRIEFS

If the often-misquoted adage "from a little acorns big oak trees grow" is true, then May 16 of this year may someday be remembered among the most die-hard gay trivia fans as the actual date the Gay Producers Association of America was formed. The GPAA, designed as a national organization of gay filmmakers, distributors, and related gay video honchos, elected its officers and board members and set its agenda on that date. For posterity: President is Terry LeGrand, director of such well-known titles as *Men of the Midway*, *Gayracula* and the soon-to-be-released *Jobsite*; Vice-President is Tim Wohlfemuth, co-founder of Award Films; Secretary is Paul Galie, an independent producer; Treasurer is Don Davison, of Rod & Reel Films; Board Members are Jim Ball (Major Studio Productions), Tod Johnson (Rod & Reel Films), Hal Newhouse (Video Company of America), Joe Tiffenbach (independent producer and director of such titles as *San Francisco Orgy*), and Steve West (Catalina Video). The no-nonsense group is taking on video pirating as a top priority, and also looks to establish annual Gay Film Awards, which will recognize excellence in the production of gay motion pictures.



DOWN SOUTH: Jose Morales (left), Piper, and Eric Ryan (right) find themselves sharing the same Southern jail cell in PM Productions' newest Ian McGraw film, *Young Yankees*, just released theatrically and to the home video market.

Joe Gage fans can hold their breath just a little longer...the master of the jack-off montage has a new title just about to break (probably mid-to-late September), titled simply *501*. But bet your button-fly jeans there will be nothing simple about it. Joe Gage (one half of the Gage Brothers, who made such classics as *Kansas City Trucking*, *El Paso Wrecking*, and *L.A. Tool & Die*) has a bent for large groups of anonymous men dropping their pants and working out their frustrations—*501* sounds like nothing less than the perfect setting. Coming from VCA.

From Hellfire via Sandmutopia/Desmodus (lost yet?) and *Slave & Master Video* comes *Ropeworks*, due out for fall release, and hyped to be definitive instructions in the finer art of tying erotic knots.

Remember White Horse Video, the company in New York that tried to make you believe you were going to get 10 full-length gay video cassettes for \$99 when in fact what you were going to get was a preview tape with scenes from the ten advertised titles? Well, they've changed their name—but not their game. New brochures under the company handle Reset Inc. and the same GPO box number are hyping the same deal—different titles—and it's the same scam. No one is going to sell you a porn cassette for \$9.90, regardless of how many you buy. This is another preview tape, so read this "deal" with your eyes wide open—because you won't have any recourse if you fall for it.

Steve Scott's third project this year, already well into production, is set in the world of construction workers. Titled *Built*, and with physiques like that of Eric Stryker in the cast—rest assured this is going to be a stacked cast. Trophy Video, which will release *Built* to the home video market, is still basking over the success of both of Steve Scott's 1984 releases, *Non-Stop* and the Lee Ryder feature, *Screen Play*. The theatrical version of the latter is set to play in San Francisco in September—when Ryder will make a personal appearance to sign copies of the video cassette at The Studstore. But the biggie is that Ryder will be wearing the infamous sweat-shorts from *Screen Play*, which will be auctioned off on the spot; the money going to an S.F. Aids project. The lucky high bidder will get to literally strip the shorts off the young star.

John W. Rowberry

become more pointed and specific

Return to the intention of Oz Video and examine the result as witnessed by this segment, which says that class-distinction among gay men is a preferable social trait, that sex between gay men has a commodity value which supercedes its emotional value, and the sex act is best employed as a social entertainment.

Were the context of the sex act used differently, had the two performers been sexual serfs to the men at the table, employed to physically stimulate and relieve them, then the dynamics would have been different—in the most one-sided master-slave relationship there is still the breath of human warmth; but this is a cool and subsequently detached observation.

A *Dinner Party* does not, however, represent middle-class values. Were that the case, there would have been the patina of dirtiness attached to the sex act on the table, like you find in the lascivious presentation in a heterosexual strip tease. Here everything is spotlessly regarded, not even the evidence of a single man rusting in his heart for the cock and balls that bounce on the table before him.

The contrast between the performers and the audience goes even further (and the performers are hardly from the group Oz Video is aiming at); extraordinarily superb specimens of modern gay gym men countered by the exceedingly mundane look of the semi-well-heeled. None of the men sitting at the table could, if he undressed, hold a candle to the physical grace of the men on the table; reiterating historical stereotypes about what sort of gay men can afford the favors of the very beautiful.

When groups like Harry Hay's *Faerie Gathering* were established it was under the concept that all men are beautiful, that beauty transcends the physical—an axiom derived from the entire counter-culture of the late '60s and early '70s. If this dinner party had been placed in that epoch, the men around the table would have shed their clothes along with their inhibitions and joined the performers on the groaning board. It is the immense distance between the *Faerie Gathering* and *A Dinner Party* that reiterates the sexually counter-revolutionary aspects of the latter. Photographed with the finest resolution I have ever seen in a gay video, *Steve Soderby Presents* looks uncomfortably like the look of tomorrow—when form finally wins out over content. Each frame is as sharp and clear as the *Six O'Clock News*, each image in breathtaking—and perfect—focus, each camera move so well calculated it would be easy to accept that the entire video was computer-controlled. You've never seen a video as well executed, technically, as this—nor as shallow, emotionally.



TASTEFUL DECOR: More action from *Daddy Does a Video*. Photo by David Smith

FAT TUESDAY: WE'LL PAY THE RENT

Rio has its Carnival and New Orleans has its Mardi Gras; while these two events have divergent historical roots, their face is the same, an around-the-clock citywide street celebration in which public inhibitions are discarded and flights of fancy take on radically

Mardi Gras '84, Male Entertainment Network, 1984, documentary, color and sound 15 minutes, Beta/VHS, \$30. (plus \$2. postage and handling). M.E.N., 1 United Nations Plaza, San Francisco, CA 94102

concrete terms. But to try and impart, through words alone, the sweet madness that is either is a task doomed to near-complete failure. Male Entertainment Network's *Mardi Gras '84* does

with images and music what words can not—pay homage to one of the two most extraordinary public events of our age (the other being the annual San Francisco Gay Freedom Day Celebration).

Divided into three equally diverse sections, *Mardi Gras '84* is a whirl of outrageousness, in costumes, in situations. If you've never experienced this unique event, this tape is bound to have you on the phone to your travel agent.

Strictly top of the line production values packed into a seamless, fast, constantly explosive whole that vibrates with a sense of documentary and titillates with spontaneous voyeurism. Some nudity, loads of eroticism; this is the first gay rock video.

—John W. Rowberry
DRUMMER 89

DRUMMEDIA BOOKS

DARK CORNERS

As a writer of erotic fiction, perhaps the most telling thing I can say about Mason Powell's *The Brig* is this: I am envious of just how spectacularly his novel succeeds. I can't go so far as to say that I wish I had written it myself—to have conceived this harrowing story, to have imagined its every detail and to have followed it through from beginning to end, must have been almost as psychically draining as actually experiencing it.

But first things first. I was a bit hesitant to chose *The Brig* for review in these pages—after all, it's published by the same outfit that produces the magazine you're now holding in your greasy little hands. Is there a conflict of interest here? Not really—no one gives even a whisper of advice about what I chose to review or how I review it, and I've developed the irritating habit (so some disgruntled publishers and writers have told me) of saying exactly what I think. If *The Brig* were a major disappointment, I might feel some trepidation in cataloging its faults in this particular forum—but that (far from it) is not the case. And in any event, *The Brig* is a major work of SM fiction. To ignore it in a book review column that purports to serve the interests of readers of gay SM would be the real failure—there are so few titles of this calibre, quality and orientation in the course of a year.

So there. Now that I'm warmed up *The Brig*, by Mason Powell (Alternate Publishing, 167 pages, paperback, \$8.95, mail orders add .50 postage). The title is not a reference to any famous leather bar of the same name, the brig here is the military kind, and before Powell's story is over, it becomes a word to inspire considerable fear and loathing.

The Brig is in no way a standard jerk-off novel of sadomasochistic fantasies. It is compellingly erotic, to be sure—but it is also brutal, disturbing, complex, challenging to the secure psyche that imagines a world of dominance and subjugation to be a safe, secluded playground where even the most intense exchanges never leave scars, either physical or mental.

The Brig is a novel of dark SM. Its setting, once the hapless narrator has been ripped away from his role as a naval petty officer and thrust into the bowels of the Brig, becomes increasingly fantastic and severe. His offense: technically, walking off a watch—but the real reason for his persecutions are his classification as a conscientious objector (his background is a Catholic seminary, the time is the close of the Vietnam War) and a belligerent attitude toward military authority.

His sentence: confinement in the Brig.

This is a novel of punishment and degradation. Structurally, it is extremely impressive, geared toward a slow seduction of the reader into a relentless escalation of erotic cruelty. The narrator's descent begins with simple fear and dread. The initial punishments are harsh, but bearable—for a while. Only gradually, and with sadistic logic, do they build until the young petty officer reaches his lowest ebb. To simply catalog his torments would be to reduce the power that Powell invests in them; suffice to say that the outer limits of phallic subjugation, dog slavery, bondage, pain, betrayal, humiliation and the Cult of the Marine are all here—with a vengeance.

Significantly, the book of which *The Brig* most reminds me is George Orwell's 1984. Imagine the torture of Winston

Brig, in exploring the images of authority that give us dangerous dreams, is not politically correct. It peers into the dark corners where we are constantly reminded, by our peers and enemies alike, never to look. It makes us ponder long and hard about the perverse appeal of self-debasement, the seductive quality of evil, the strange, twisting pathways of existence. This is fearless. This is art, with an erection—and a mind.

UP & COMING

Gay Sunshine Press (PO Box 40397, San Francisco, CA 94140), which began publishing outright erotica a few years ago with Boyd McDonald's *Meat*, is now turning some of its efforts to leather and SM. Geoff Mains' *Urban Aborigines: Celebrations of Leather Sexuality* (excerpted in *Drummer* 75) is now availa-



Smith with an erotic component. Imagine in Big Brother's neutered and neutral space a Marine officer, dark muscular, derisive, offering his big cock for nourishment, withholding ecstasy, exacting punishment. Remember the psychological explanation of masochism as a solution to the unbearable, a way of finding something positive, something pleasurable in the midst of suffering.

Powell's story eventually takes on the dimensions of a fable. He is ultimately aiming at archetypes (as revealed in the narrator's hallucinatory dream of the Inquisition). This is ambitious, far more ambitious than most novels that also aim at producing a hard-on. His narrator becomes a potentially classic figure of suffering. His tormentors—the Dark Corporal, the Redhead, the Sergeant—became larger than life, figures to be alternately lusted for, feared, hated. *The*

Brig, in paperback, it'll be reviewed here next issue. Upcoming is Jack Fritscher's anthology *Corporal in Charge of Taking Care of Captain O'Malley*—if the title rings a bell, hunt up your copies of *Drummer* 22 and 23.

Also erotic and upcoming from Gay Sunshine: *The Great American Porno Novel* ("sexual adventures of several all-American boys") and *Juice*, the fifth in Boyd McDonald's anthology series from the come-smeared pages of STH.

Not necessarily erotic, but of interest: *Pretty Boy Dead*, an early murder mystery by Joseph Hansen, originally published under a pseudonym; and *Hadrian*, historical fiction by Joel Schmidt, in which "Roman Emperor Hadrian relates his life and famous love for the adolescent Antinous"—boy, will Marguerite Yourcenar be pissed!

—Aaron Travis

DRUMMEDIA

MOVIES

GIANT IN AGONY

There is a positive side to the release of director John Huston's "comeback" film, *Under the Volcano*—a singularly bloodless, colorless, gutted version of Malcolm Lowry's psychological and symbolic novel of Anglo expatriates in Mexico, reduced to no more than decent performances by Albert Finney, Jacqueline Bisset and Anthony Andrews. The film's publicity has served to focus the spotlight back on Lowry himself. And that's a far more intriguing story than either of the others.

A biographical documentary, *Volcano: An Inquiry Into the Life of Malcolm Lowry*, has been resurrected from that limbo reserved for Academy Award nominees (1977) to prove much the most exciting of the three. It erupted in 1976 under the control of Donald Brittain and the aegis of the National Film Board of Canada. It seines wide and dredges deep, sweeping a fine net to catch the character of a man compelled to write through and beyond his ability to live in deep waters.

"Everything in his life he put into the novel," says an old Cambridge crony. And as his publisher remarks, "There was only one way his demons could be exorcised—he could write them to death." But he began killing himself young, and finally made a thorough job of it.

Lowry is characterized as a patrician misfit, an adventurer, a paranoid depressive and a pretender to madness, a dedicated alcoholic "sober an hour or two a month," a remittance man, a product and a victim of Victorian values and morality, "gentle, delicate, polite" and able to "fart the vamp in 'Hindu Bay.' "Souching and sloppy" and "studiedly picturesque with an impressive chest," he was a man of physical courage and sexual insecurities, "muscle bound and chronically constipated," a great writer, a great one-book writer, an impotent sensualist, a recluse (in his own exaggerated words: "blind, constipated and a cripple after 25"), an animal-lover, an opportunist, a loyal if importunate friend, and a truth-teller—"definitely a man to be denounced at borders."

The biographical remarks are extraordinarily candid and for the most part discerning, unlike, for example, the outrageous biodoc cover-up perpetrated on Montgomery Clift and his public. *Volcano* has far more than facts to deal with. It is a life-graph, flexibly structured and multi-tiered to highlight not just the main events but the ambience of each. The continuing fascination arises



SELDOM SOBER: Albert Finney plays the Consul (the fictional counterpart of author Malcolm Lowry) in *Under the Volcano*. Lowry's own life, charted in the biographical documentary *Volcano*, makes for more fascinating viewing—a story of explosive passions and thwarted sexuality.

from the film's construction, its dramatizations out of chronology (begins with the 1959 funeral), relevant location settings for interviews with his intimates in which talking heads become talking hearts, frighteningly unrevealing photographs of the subject, and Lowry's luminous prose excerpted from the novel and letters—when correspondence was still an "art"—spoken with sublime underinflection by Richard Burton.

The almost-stately home of his English birth. A Hollywood hotel room. A cabin on a Canadian lake. And Mexico. Again and again, the film returns, as Lowry did, to Mexico. And to the "hellfire" he made of Cuernavaca and its inhabitants, specifically of a loaded day-in-the-life of himself and his novelized Consul. All-Souls Day. The Day of the Dead with its grisly paraphernalia, spun-sugar skulls and religious rapture. Evoked in graphic mood and loving detail—here, in this relatively small film and not in Huston's failed opus with all its fabulous funding and Gabriel Figueroa's cinematographic genius—here is the heart of the man, wide open and pumping for air and sunlight.

The novel didn't do its exorcism job, no four-score-and-ten for Lowry, no happily ever after. Brittain's film researched thoroughly enough to show why, as self-analysis, it couldn't. Still, for almost the same reasons, there are minute gaps in the celluloid net where some known facts glide out and the corner strands aren't as tightly knotted up as they seem to be. There was violence done by Lowry as well as to him; there are facile, long-outmoded explanations of "homosexual guilt" for "occasional homosexual indiscretions" on what is obviously (I inter only what is implied) a

fundamental and fatal closeting of his life.

Lowry is not the only one to be denied a place in gay history at the same time he's pushed onto the library shelves like so many others of the English literature of the early part of this century—Forster, Waugh, Maugham—the word "gay," much less "liberation," in that context of period and place, would be louder and potentially more suicidal than Lowry's noise of the unbandaging of great giants in agony.

Lowry is captured layer by layer, in all his possible and impossible dreams—and the audience is the intruder. You feel you've gone almost too far, not just beyond the borders of good manners without the clinical authorization (the excuse) of the prying physician, attorney or priest, but all the way to knowing of someone, in key ways, more than he knew of himself. There is discomfort and frustration in thinking that Lowry's fights from "civilization" and "normalcy" were necessary only because of a fluke of birthdate (1909), class and geography. Or that the brutalizing nannies, the involvement in the death of a classmate, or "the tags on his tail" in New York would have produced a less active guilt and morbid imagination today. A pertinent reminder, if not an answer, is the highly "now" Terence Davies *Trilogy* which, though out of the opposite of Lowry's privileged environment, speaks of identical horrific fears and desperate needs in an indifferent-to-antagonistic culture.

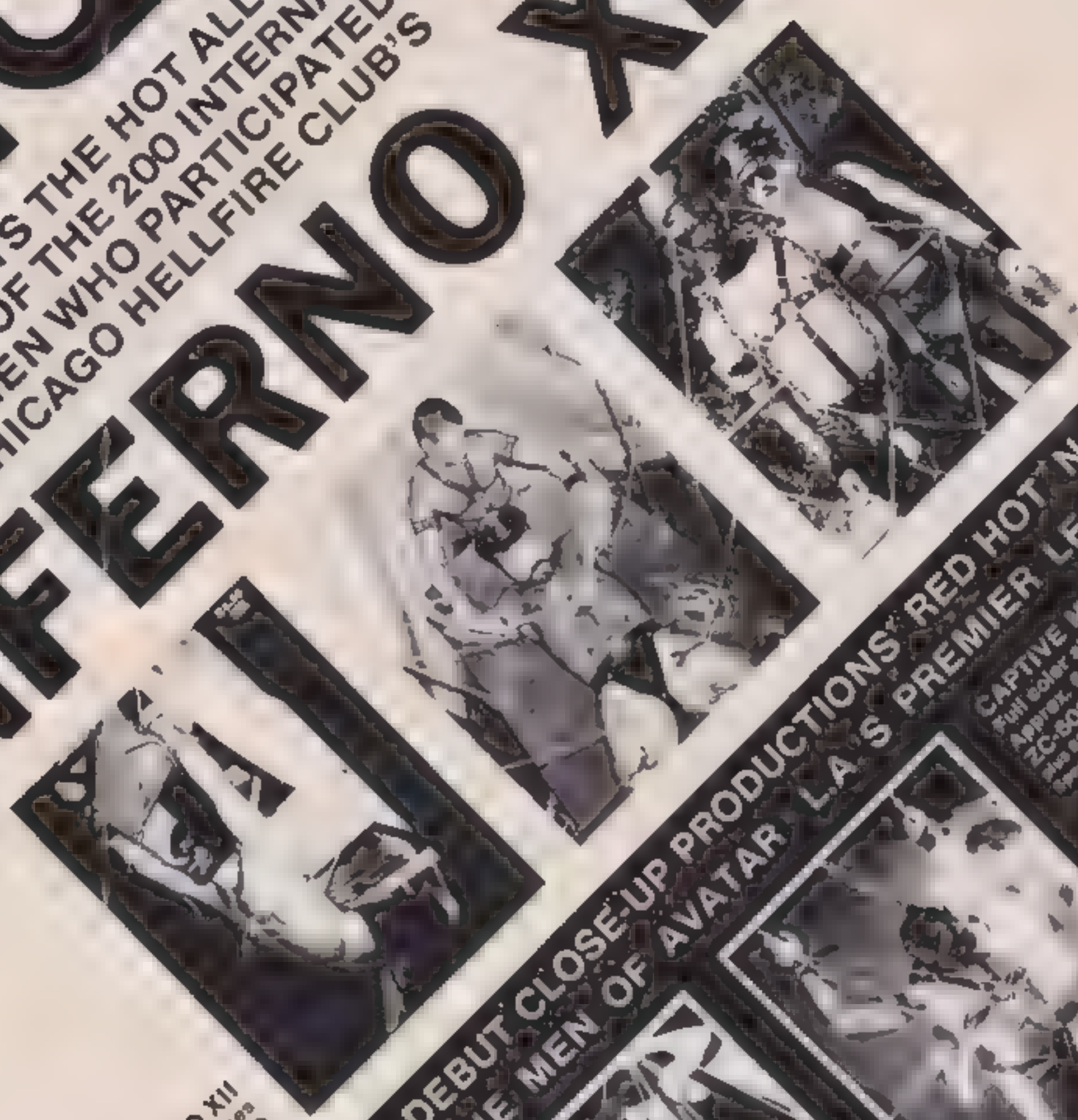
The last spoken line of the novel's "hero" is the beginning and end of the film. "What a dingy way to die." But you'll note there is no denial that it was a spectacular way to live.

Penny Kim
DRUMME (21)

ZEUS

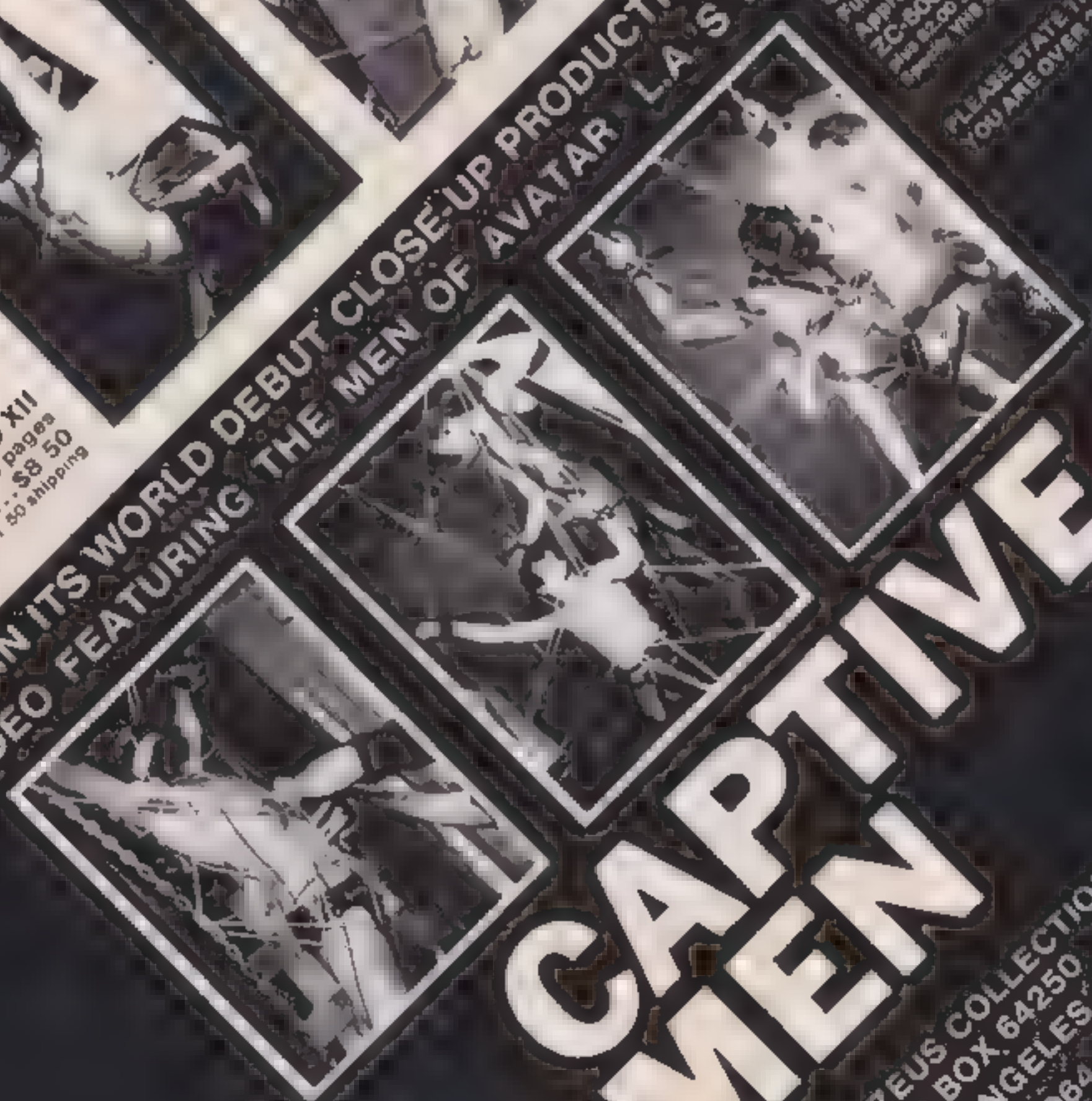
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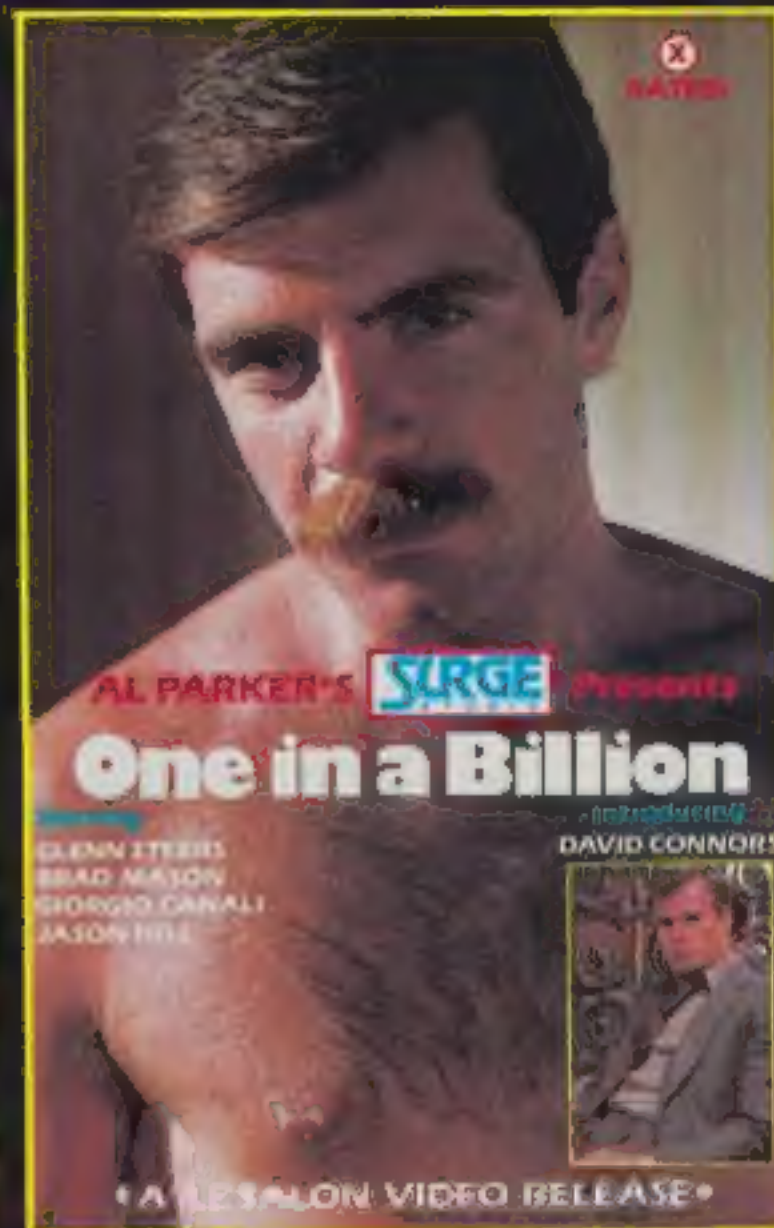
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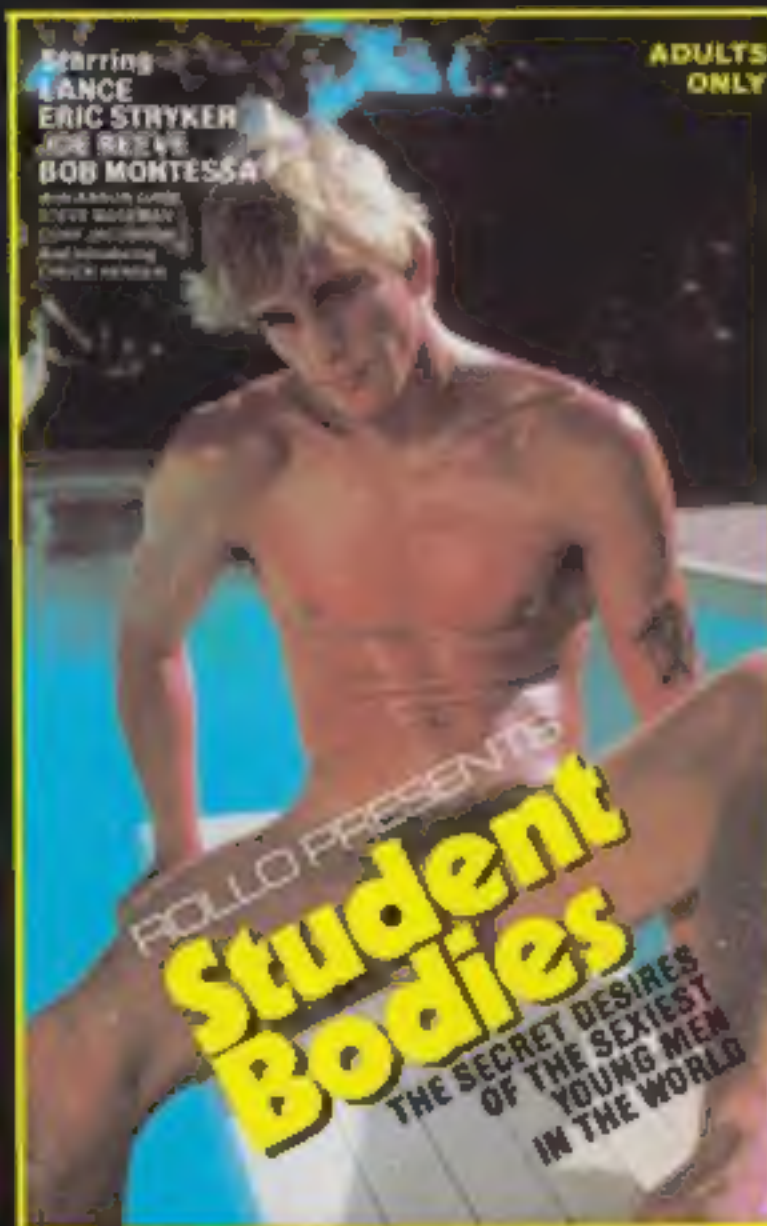
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